

CONCORD SERIES N° 7



# 140 FOLK-SONGS

with Piano Accompaniment

ROTE SONGS  
FOR GRADES I, II AND III

Compiled and Edited

for Use in School and Home

By ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON  
and THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE

*E. C. Schirmer Music Co.*  
221 COLUMBUS AVE., BOSTON, MASS.

$\boxed{\text{J J J}}$  run  
one un two oo 2 a 2 a 3 a 2 a 4 a 2 a =  $\frac{7}{4}$  = Paw Paw Patch  
 $\frac{6}{8}$

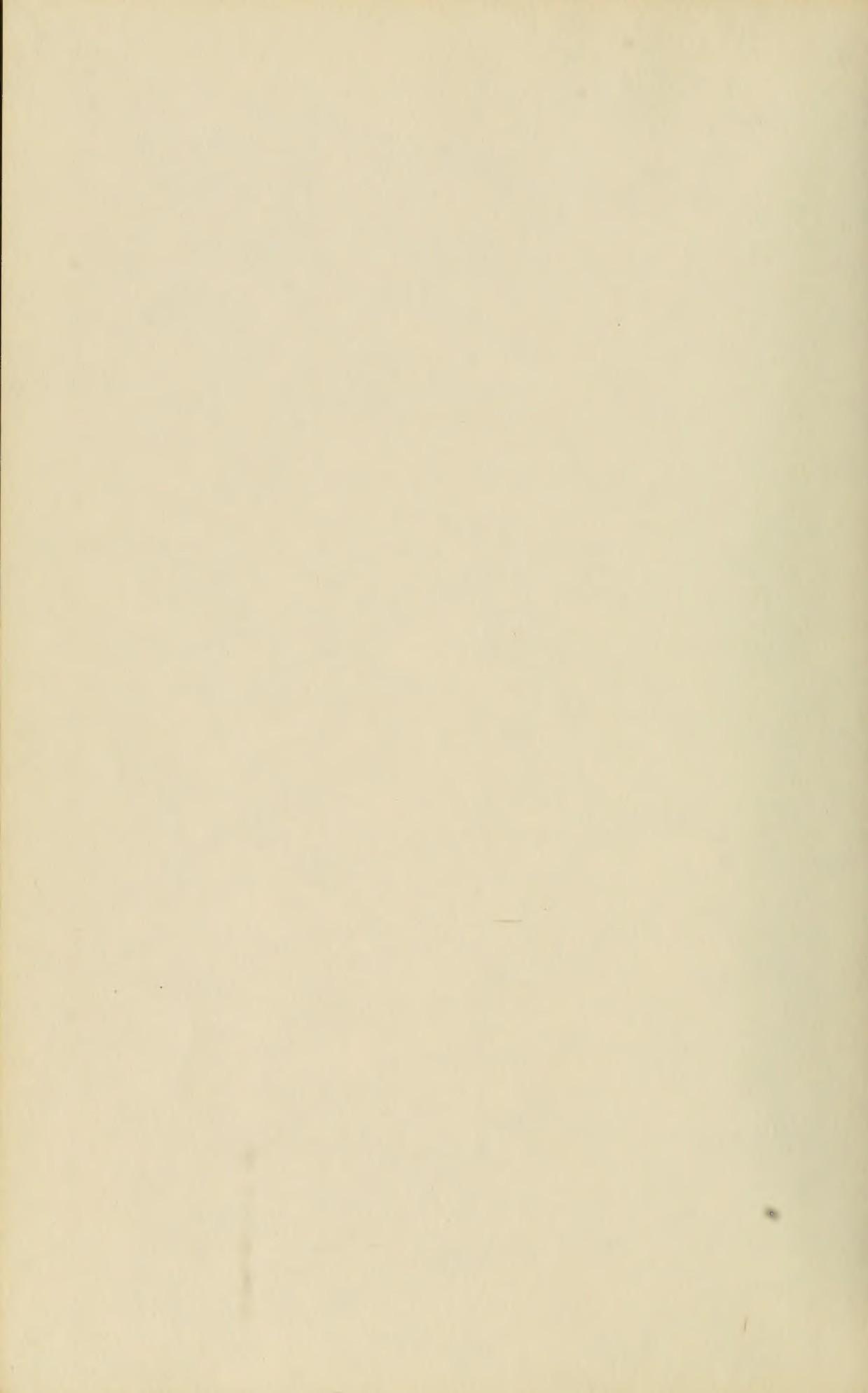
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skip

- $\frac{6}{8}$  - 2 beats - triple rhythm - dotted quarter gets one beat
- $\frac{3}{4}$  - 2 beats - double " - quarter note gets one beat
- $\frac{9}{8}$  - 3 beats - triple " - dotted quarter gets 1 beat
- $1\frac{3}{8}$  - 4 beats - triple rhythm - dotted quarter gets 1 beat

J. Butler BII 3  
162 Riverway House

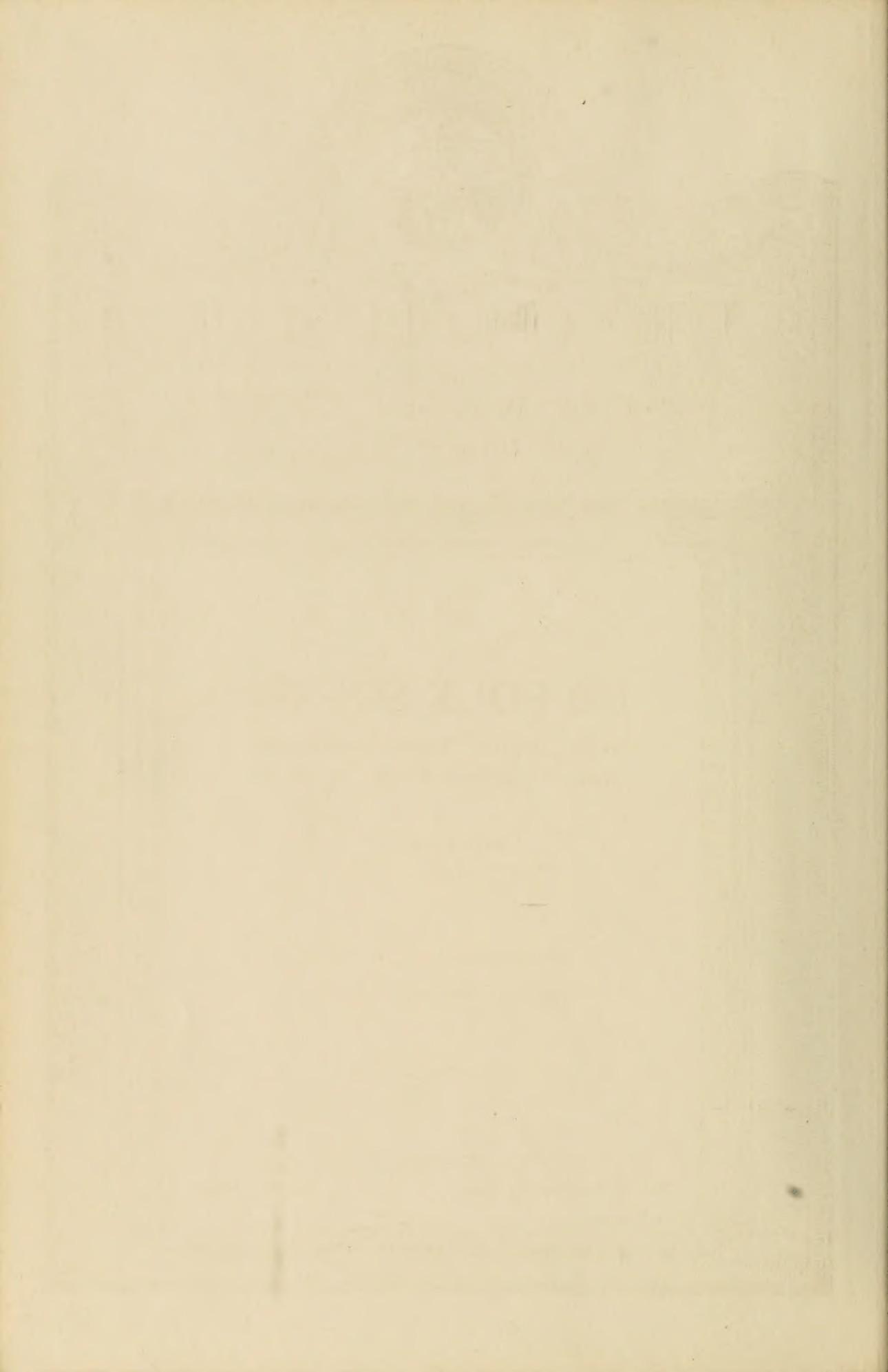
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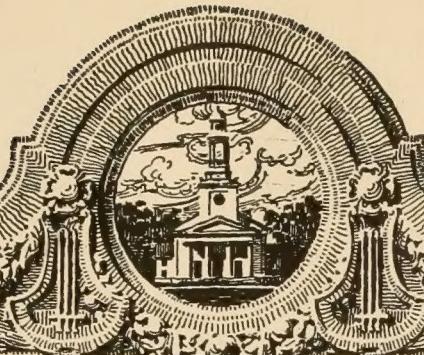
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# THE CONCORD SERIES

of Music and Books on the Teaching of Music

Under the Editorship of

THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE

and

DR. ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON

No. 7

## 140 FOLK-SONGS

with piano accompaniment

[“ROTE SONGS” FOR GRADES I, II AND III]

Compiled and Edited  
for use in school and home

by  
DR. ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON  
&  
THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE

*New and Revised Edition*

E. C. SCHIRMER MUSIC CO.

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The CONCORD SERIES, under the editorship of Dr. Surette and Dr. Davison, is intended to carry out the plan of music education used at Dr. Surette's Summer School of Music established in Concord, Massachusetts, in 1915.

The Series comprises School Music Books from Kindergarten through the High School with a Teachers' Manual for the same; a Chorus Book for Women's Colleges, Girls' Schools, Choral Societies, etc.; the Home and Community Song Book (mixed voices) for general singing; the Concord Hymnal for Sunday Schools and Day Schools; the Concord Piano Books (4 volumes); the Bela Bartok Album of Selected Pieces for the Piano (2 volumes); a book of Themes from the Masters, simply arranged for the piano, four hands; a book of School Marches; School Plays with Music; the Harvard University Glee Club Collection (4 volumes); the Concord Anthem Books (2 volumes); and a considerable number of short compositions, secular and sacred.

The chief aim of these books is to provide the very best in music for every one, young and old.

## PREFACE

The songs in this volume have been selected for the purpose of awakening and cultivating in young children the taste for the best music. It is obvious that such actual experience of music should precede instruction about it, and it is believed that singing beautiful songs by ear during the early years will not only facilitate later instruction in reading music, but will serve as a preparation for the study of pianoforte playing, violin playing, etc.

When these songs are used in schools, children who are able to read the words, should be provided with the Book of Words (No. 3 A in the Concord Series). During the last half of the third year (Grade III) the children should be provided with Book No. 3 in the Concord Series, containing the melodies of the songs without accompaniments. Simple instructions for teaching these songs are contained in that book, in which will be found also a division of the songs according to school grades. A Teachers' Manual, with full directions for teachers, will be published shortly.

The folk-songs in this book were doubtless originally sung without accompaniments. It is desirable that children should become familiar with the beauty of these melodies, apart from any artificial support. Therefore in teaching them, no accompaniment should be used until the melodies are thoroughly learned.

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# 1. The Sparrow's Nest

Ah! vous dirai-je, maman

The Alphabet

English words by  
HOMER H. HARBOUR

Old French Song

In moderate time

**Voices**

**Piano**

1. Down a - mong the dai-sies white, Hid-den al-most  
 2. When the sun-set skies are red, Moth-er Spar-row  
*Ah! vous di - rai - je ma - man, Ce qui cau - se*  
 A B C D E F G H I J K

out of sight, See the lit - tle spar - rows ly - ing,  
 sings o'er - head: "Bird - ies mine will soon be sleep - ing  
 mon tour - ment? Pa - pa veut que je rai - son - ne  
 L M N O P Q R S and T U V —

For their din - ner loud - ly cry - ing; Moth - er's bu - sy  
 While your moth - er watch is keep - ing; She will guard you  
 comme u - ne gran - de per - son - ne; Moi je dis que  
 W(Doubl-e U) and X Y Z. — Now I've said my

poco rit.

as can be, Hunt - ing food e - nough for three.  
 all the night, Down a - mong the dai - sies white."  
 les bon - bons Va - lent mieux que la rai - son - ne.  
 A, B, C, Tell me what you think of me.

## 2. Sleep, baby, sleep

Anonymous

Old Song

*Slowly*

Voices

Piano

*p rit.*

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
Near where the woodbines creep;  
Be always like the lamb so mild.  
A sweet, and kind, and gentle child;  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
Thy rest shall angels keep;  
While on the grass the lamb shall feed,  
And never suffer want or need;  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

### 3. Lords and Ladies

#### Le Pont d'Avignon

English words by  
HOMER H. HARBOUR

Brightly

Old French Song

Voices



Piano

1. In the bright can-dle light Danced the mer-ry lords and la-dies;  
1. Sur le pont d'A-vi-gnon, L'on y dan-se, l'on y dan-se;

Fine

poco rit.

D. C.

D. C.

2

Ev'ry lord had a sword  
With a hilt of shining silver;  
Ev'ry fair lady there  
Wore a rosebud in her hair.  
Ladies fair bowed this way,  
And again bowed this way.

2

*Sur le pont d'Avignon,*  
*L'on y danse, l'on y danse;*  
*Sur le pont d'Avignon,*  
*L'on y danse tout en rond.*  
*Les belles dames font comm' ça,*  
*Et puis encor' font comm' ça.*

\* This song may be divided between groups of children. Appropriate movements or gestures may be used to accompany the words "All the Lords," etc. The music of that part of the song should be sung more slowly and with free rhythm.

## 4. The Journey of the Leaves

HOMER H. HARBOUR

In moderate time

German Folk-song

Voices

1. "Come a - way," sang the river To the leaves on a tree;  
2. So the leaves gent - ly fall - ing From the tree on the shore

Piano

tree; "Let me take you a jour-ney If the world you would see;"  
shore Flowed a - way on the river To come home nev - er more.

poco rit.

poco rit.

## 5. The Little Boy and the Sheep La Bonne Aventure

JANE TAYLOR

Rather slowly

Old French Song

Voices

1. La - zy sheep, pray tell me why In the pleas-ant fields you  
1. Je suis un pe-tit pon - pon de bel - le fi - gue -

Piano

lie, La - zy sheep, pray tell me why In the pleas - ant fields you  
re, Qui ai - me bien les bon - bons et les con - fi - tu -

lie, Eat-ing grass and dai-sies white, From the morn-ing till the  
res. Si vous vou - lex m'en don - ner, Je sau - rai bien les man -

night; Ev -'ry - thing must some-thing do, but what kind of use are you?  
ger. La bon - ne a-ven - ture, oh, gai! La bon - ne a-ven - tu - rel

poco rit.

poco rit.

2

||: Nay, my little master, nay,  
Do not serve me so, I pray; :||  
Don't you see the wool that grows  
On my back to make your clothes?  
Cold, ah, very cold you'd be,  
If you had not wool from me.

3

||: True it seems a pleasant thing  
Nipping daisies in the spring; :||  
But what chilly nights I pass  
On the cold and dewy grass;  
Pick my scanty dinner where  
All the ground is brown and bare.

4

||: Then the farmer comes at last,  
When the merry spring is past; :||  
Cuts my wooly fleece away  
For your coat in wintry day;  
Little master, this is why  
In the pleasant fields I lie.

2

*Lorsque les petits gargons*  
Sont gentils et sages,  
On leur donne des bonbons,  
De jolies images.  
Mais quand ils se font gronder,  
C'est le fouet qu'il faut donner,

*La triste aventure,*

*Oh! gai!*

*La triste aventure!*

3

*Je serai sage et bien bon,*  
*Pour plaire à ma mère,*  
*Je saurai bien ma leçon,*  
*Pour plaire à mon père;*  
*Je veux bien les contenter,*  
*Et s'ils veulent m'embrasser,*

*La bonne aventure,*

*Oh! gai!*

*La bonne aventure!*

## 6. Who are you?

RICHARD COMPTON

Quickly

German Melody

Voices



1. Good morn-ing, lit - tle yel - low bird, yel - low bird,  
2. My name is John-ny Vir - e - o, Vir - e - o,

Piano



*poco rit.*

yel - low bird; Good morn-ing, lit - tle yel - low bird, Who are you?  
Vir - e - o, My name is John-ny Vir - e - o, Who are you?

*poco rit.*

## 7. My Pony

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

With spirit

German Folk-song

Voices



1. Hop, hop, hop! Reins I will not drop! Po-ny, you must  
2. Hop, hop, hop! From the long hill - top I have gal-lop'd

Piano



*f, poco rit.*

gal-lap fast-er, If you want to please your master, He'll not let you stop: Hop, hop, hop, hop!  
fast and fast-er At the bid-ding of my mas-ter, Now I think I'll stop! Hop, hop, hop, hop!

*poco rit.*

# 8. Good Pierrot

## Au clair de la lune

English version by  
NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

French Folk-song

Rather slowly

*Voices*

*Piano*

1. Good Pier-rot, be - friend me In the moon-shine bright!  
1. Au clair de la lu - ne, Mon a - mi Pier - rot,

Your quill-pen, at - tend me So that I may write.  
Prê - te moi ta plu - me Pour é - crire un mot.

Blown out is my can - dle, My fire will not go;  
Ma chan-delle est mor - te, Je n'ai plus de feu;

Turn the big door han - dle, Let me in, Pier - rot!  
Ou - vre moi ta por - te, Pour l'a - mour de Dieu.

2

Moonbeams all things lighting,  
Pierrot crossly said:  
"I've no pen for writing,  
I am snug in bed;  
Go and ask your neigbor,  
Go to her instead;  
She is at her labor,  
Making loaves of bread!"

2

*Au clair de la lune*  
*Pierrot répondit:*  
*Je n'ai pas de plume,*  
*Je suis dans mon lit.*  
*Va chez la voisine,*  
*Je crois qu'elle y est,*  
*Car dans sa cuisine,*  
*On bat le briquet.*

# 9. In May

RICHARD COMPTON

German Folk-song

**With spirit**

**Voices**

1. In May, in May, In  
2. In May, in May, When  
3. In May, in May, All

**Piano**

mer - ry, mer - ry May, How gay and hap - py  
all the world is gay, When ap - ple trees are  
out of doors to play, When all the trees are

we shall be, Sing ho for love - ly May!  
ro - sy white, How wel - come mer - ry May!  
turn - ing green, O love - ly, love - ly May!

*poco rit.*

# 10. The Nut-tree

Anonymous

In moderate time

Old Song

**Voices**

**Piano**

1. I had a lit - tle nut-tree, Noth - ing would it bear  
 2. Her dress was all of crim - son, Coal black was her hair; She

But a sil - ver nut - meg And a gold - en pear. The  
 ask'd me for my nut - tree And my gold - en pear. I

King of Spain's daugh - ter Came to vis - it me, And  
 said, "So fair a prin - cess Nev - er did I see, I'll

all — for the sake of my lit - tle nut - tree.  
 give to you the fruit of my lit - tle nut - tree."

*poco rit.*

# 11. If I were a bird

RICHARD COMPTON

German Folk-song

Rather slowly

*mp*

Voices

1. If I a bird could be I should fly o'er the sea,  
 2. High o'er the ocean blue I should go fly-ing thro'  
 3. All a-long sum-mer's day, O-ver the seas a-way,

Piano

*mp*

Far, far a-way.  
 Clear blow-ing wind;  
 Far would I roam;

'Mid snow-y clouds in aid,  
 Leav-ing the ships be-low,  
 But when the hour was late,

*poco rit.*

I should go rac-ing there Swift - er than they.  
 Sail-ing a-long so slow, Far, far be-hind.  
 I should go fly-ing straight Back-to my home.  
*poco rit.*

## 12. The Shepherdess

### Ramène tes moutons

English version by  
WILLIAM B. SNOW

Old French Song

Moderately fast

*mp*

Voices

She who's fair-est in my sight, I'll pre - sent for your de - light.  
*La plus ai-mable à mon gré, Je vais vous la pré- sen - ter;*

Piano

*w*

Un-der Lon-don Bridge we'll send her, Lead - ing all her lamb - kins  
*Nous lui frons pas - ser bar - riè - re. Ra - mèn' tes mou - tons, ber -*

*rit.*

ten-der; Shep-herd maid - en, lead them home, Home a - gain, no long - er roar.  
*gè - re, Ra - mèn', ra - mèn', donc tes mou - tons A la mai - son.*

*rit.*

# 13. An Evening Song

HOMER H. HARBOUR

Old Lithuanian Song

Slowly

**Voices**

*p*

1. Dark thro' the for - est come the shad-ows creep-ing,  
 2. High o'er the tree-tops one bright star is beam-ing,  
 3. Bright-ly the flames are in the fire-place leap-ing,

**Piano**

*p*

**mf**

Cold o'er the hill-top goes the night wind sweep-ing;  
 Dew-drops of crys-tal on the flow-ers gleam-ing;  
 Swift-ly the sparks go up the chim-ney sweep-ing;

**mp**

In their beds of moss and feath-er Lit - tle birds lie  
 Lambs are by their moth-ers ly-ing, In the dark-ness  
 When the light grows dim and dim-mer, Pad - ing to a

**rit.**

warm to - geth-er; Ba - by should be sleep - ing.  
 bats are fly - ing; Ba - by should be dream - ing.  
 ti - ny glim-mer; Ba - by lies a - sleep - ing.

**p**

**pp**

# 14. Winter's Past

MAY MORGAN

Moderately fast

German Folk-song

Voices

1. Now at last winter's past;  
2. Down below quilts of snow  
3. Lift your heads from your beds,

Piano

Hear the rob - in call - ing; Wak - en flow'rs,  
Long have you been ly - ing; Now come out,  
Rise and round you glanc - ing, See where May

gen - tle show'rs O - ver you are fall - ing.  
look a - bout, Soft the winds are sigh - ing.  
comes to - day From the south - land danc - ing.

# 15. The Pine Tree

Anonymous

German Folk-song

**Slowly**

**Voices**      **Piano**

1. O moun-tain pine, O moun-tain pine, On high thou watch-est o'er us; O  
2. O moun-tain pine, O moun-tain pine, How faith-ful art thou ev - er. O

moun-tain pine, O moun-tain pine, On high thou watch-est o'er us; A -  
moun-tain pine, O moun-tain pine, How faith-ful art thou ev - er. Thou

bout thy head the wild winds roar, But firm thou stand - est ev - er-more. O  
art as green in win-ter's snow As in the sum - mer's rich-est glow. O

*poco rit.*

moun-tain pine, O moun-tain pine, On high thou watch-est o'er us.  
moun-tain pine, O moun-tain pine, How faith-ful art thou ev - er.

*poco rit.*

# 16. When Fields are White

HOMER H. HARBOUR

With spirit

German Folk-song

Voices

Piano

geth - er. Up and up and up we go, O - ver ice and  
fly - ing. "Clear the track! O - ho! Look out! Ho - lul - lul - la -  
wink - ing. Then at last towards home we turn; Sup - per's hot and

# 17. Winter, good-bye!

JOHN ERWIN

German Folk-song

Rather slowly

Voices

1. Win - ter good - bye!  
2. Good-bye to snow!  
3. Warm breez - es, come,

Blue is the sky  
Now you must go.  
Drive win - ter home!

You have been jol - ly fun, But now your stay is done.  
We have had fun with you, Coast-ing and sleigh-rides, too.  
Back to his i - cy caves, O - ver the fro - zen waves;

mf

Blue is the sky, Win - ter good - bye!  
Now you must go, Good - bye to snow!  
Come, A - pril, come, Drive win - ter home!

poco rit.

# 18. Winter

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

Rather slowly

Bohemian Folk-song

**Voices**

*p*

1. All the winter long the trees are bare;  
2. Yet the trees are dream-ing as they stand;

Not a green leaf  
Ro-sy buds are

*p*

flut-ters an - y - where;  
read - y to ex - pand;

Winds from i - cy re - gions blow,  
When the breath of Spring is felt

*p*

Down the hill-side drifts the snow; Crows and squirrels ask for scraps of bread;  
All the ice and snow will melt; Full of life the riv-er'll rise and flow;

*poco rit.*

One would think the riv - er fro-zен dead!  
There'll be food for squir-rel and for crow!

*poco rit.*

\* The teacher is urged to prevent any irregularity in the beat during the pauses indicated by the rests. Strict time may be preserved by the use of some simple motion in the rhythm indicated by the small notes.

## 19. The Shower

MAY MORGAN

Rather slowly

German Folk-song

Voices

*mf*

1. The thunder is growl-ing, And dark grows the  
2. Soon down will come dash-ing The warm sum-mer

Piano

*poco rit.*

sky, Where fast-er and fast-er The storm clouds race by.  
rain, And dust-y brown mead-ows Grow green once a gain.

20. It Snows in the Night<sup>\*</sup>

HOMER H. HARBOUR

Slowly

Slavonic Folk-song

Voices

*mp*

1. Slow-ly the snow comes float-ing down, O - ver the roof-tops in the town,  
2. Gray comes the day-light dawn-ing clear; Clouds all are gone, the sun is here.

Piano

*poco rit.* <sup>(\*)</sup>

Down thro'the night with - out a sound, Turn-ing and whirl- ing to the ground.  
Oh,what a love - ly morn-ing blue Shines on a world made white and new.

<sup>\*</sup> This is a "modal" song, and the whole step between *F* and *G* in the last measure should be observed strictly.

# 21. The Nightingale

Anonymous

German Folk-song

Rather slowly  
\*)<sup>mp</sup>

**Voices**

1. Look at that beau-ti - ful sing - ing bird, Sing - ing up -  
2. No, my love, that is no night - in - gale, Some oth - er  
on the fir - tree. Sure - ly it must be the  
bird it must be; Night - in - gales sing on the  
night - in - gale! What oth - er bird can it be?  
ha - zel boughs, Nev - er up - on a fir - tree.

**Piano**

*poco rit.*

*poco rit.*

\*) One group of children may sing the first verse, another group the second.

## 22. A Picnic on the Grass

HOMER H. HARBOUR

German Folk-song

In moderate time

*mp*

Voices



1. Were you ev - er on a pic - nic When the  
 2. With the plat - ters made of oak - leaves, Tied to  
 3. Pick - ing flow - ers, pick - ing ber - ries, Till the

Piano



sum - mer sky is blue, With the green grass for a  
 geth - er with a string; And with cups made out of  
 good things all are spread; Eat - ing din - ner in the

*poco rit.*

ta - ble And for ta - ble cloth too?  
 birch - bark You can drink from the spring.  
 sun - shine While the birds sing o'er - head.

*poco rit.*

## 23. Dancing in the Orchard

RICHARD COMPTON

With swinging rhythm

Austrian Folk-song

Voices



Piano

Continuation of the musical score. The vocal part continues with lyrics: 'dai - sies, 'Mid — clo - ver; Come dance in — the white clouds go — sail - ing; Dance ring - round - a - laugh - ing all — sing - ing; Dance fast - er — and'. The piano part provides harmonic support.

*poco rit.*

or - chard, All — un - der the trees.  
ro - sy, As — long as we please.  
fast - er While — soft blows the breeze.

*poco rit.*

Continuation of the musical score. The vocal part concludes with the lyrics from the previous system: 'or - chard, All — un - der the trees.', 'ro - sy, As — long as we please.', and 'fast - er While — soft blows the breeze.' The piano part provides harmonic support.

## 24. The Pony Ride

RICHARD COMPTON

### Flemish Folk-song

Flemish Folk-song

**Fast**

**Voices**

1. Here we come on our po - nies, Our po - nies, our  
2. We are rid - ing to Bos - ton, To Bos - ton, to

**Piano**

po - nies; Here we come on our po - nies; Now,  
Bos - ton; We are rid - ing to Bos - ton To

**poco rit.**

whoal whoal whoal - Stop a mo - ment just to say, "Oh,  
have some fun. - Po - ny, if you'll trot with me, Some  
**poco rit.**

**Fine** *mf a tempo*

Stop a mo - ment just to say, "Oh,  
Po - ny, if you'll trot with me, Some  
**Fine** *mf a tempo*

how do you do, this sun - ny day?" And off we go! —  
su - gar and cake you'll have for tea, So run, run, run! —

**D. C.**

# 25. My Playmate

HOMER H. HARBOUR

Moderately fast

Russian Folk-song

Voices

*mp*

1. I've a shad - ow for a — play-mate, And he's  
2. When the sun is high at — noon-time, He's as

Piano

*mp*

nev - er twice the — same: First he's short and then he's  
small as small can — be: Hump - ty - dump - ty, see him

tall, Then he is - n't there at all.  
glide, Hump - ty - dump - ty, by my side!

*poco rit.*

3  
As the sun gets low and lower,  
Like a giant he grows tall:  
Daddy-long-legs, when I run,  
Daddy-long-legs, oh, what fun!

4  
But I think he's scared of darkness,  
And I think he's scared of rain,  
For he slips away at night;  
When it rains he's not in sight.

5

But the moment lamps are lighted,  
And whene'er the sun comes out,  
Quickly back to me he steals,  
Tagging closely at my heels.

# 26. Riding on the Elevated

RICHARD COMPTON

Flemish Melody

**With spirit**  
*mf*

**Voice**

1. Up in the air the trains go fly - ing  
2. Un - der the ground the trains go fly - ing

**Piano**

*Fine* *mf*

Quick as a flash to Bos - ton town.      O - ver the roofs of the  
Quick as a flash to Cam-bridge town.      Un - der the hous - es and

*mf*

houses gray,      Clear to the ocean we look a - way.  
trees we fly,      Un - der the church-es and tow - ers high.

*D. C.*

\* This is a "modal" song, and the whole step between *G* and *A*, in the second and fourth measures, should be strictly observed

# 27. A Song of Bread

HOMER H. HARBOUR

With swinging rhythm

German Folk-song

*mf*

Voices

Piano

1. Sing a song of gold-en wheat, gold-en wheat, gold-en wheat;  
 2. Sing a song of farm-er boys, farm-er boys, farm-er boys;

*mp*

Sing a song of gold-en wheat By the breeze blown. Birds are there, Bees are there,  
 Sing a song of farm-er boys Mow-ing the grain. Swish they go, slash they go,

*poco rit.*

But-ter-flies in the air: Sing a song of gold-en wheat By the breeze blown!  
 Grass-es are bend-ing low: Sing a song of farm-er boys Mow-ing the grain! *poco rit.*

3

Sing a song of waterfalls,  
 Waterfalls, waterfalls;  
 Sing a song of waterfalls  
 Turning wheels round.  
 Sift the wheat,  
 Stamp the wheat,  
 Till it is soft and sweet:  
 Sing a song of waterfalls  
 Turning wheels round!

4

Sing a song of baking day,  
 Baking day, baking day;  
 Sing a song of baking day,  
 Coals burning red.  
 Milk is in,  
 Yeast is in,  
 Ovens are hot within:  
 Sing a song of baking day,  
 Loaves of white bread!

# 28. Jack-in-the-pulpit

MAY MORGAN

German Folk-song

**With spirit**

**Voices**

1. One sun - ny A - pril morn - ing, As  
2. I bow'd to him po - lite ly, And

**Piano**

I was walk - ing thro' the wood, I said, "What is your text to - day?" But came where Jack, the Jack, the Preach - er,

Preach - er, Up - on his pul - pit stood. stood there With - out a word to say.

*poco rit.*

*poco rit.*

# 29. Reveille

Anonymous

Dutch Folk-song

Fast

*mf*

Voices

Piano

1. From the fort where sol - diers are sleep - ing  
"Men a - wake! Come run - ning and leap - ing;

Sounds the bu - gle ere it is light;  
Day is com - ing, gone is the night." Tra la la la la,

tra la la la la, Soon will the sun bring glo - ri - ous light.

Hark! the bugle calling so loudly;  
Far it echoes over the bay;  
See the flag that's climbing so proudly  
High, so high, to welcome the day!  
Tra la la la la, tra la la la la,  
Flag of our country greeting the day!

# 30. The Tall Clock

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

With swinging rhythm

German Folk-song

Voices



1. Clock up-on the land-ing, How old are you, pray? How  
2. Once a week they feed you, I've seen how'tis done! I'm

Piano



*mp*

long have you been stand-ing At work night and day, With  
learn-ing now to read you, Five, four, three, two, one! Pa -

*mp*

pen - du - lum swing-ing, Your hands turn - ing round,  
pa says the sun sets And ris - es by you,

Strik - ing ev - ry hour With mel - o - di - ous sound?  
That's why ev - ry - one Sets his watch by you, too!

*poco rit.*

Strik - ing ev - ry hour With mel - o - di - ous sound?

That's why ev - ry - one Sets his watch by you, too!

*poco rit.*

# 31. The Wind

HOMER H. HARBOUR

German Folk-song

Fast

Voices

1. Down the street the wind is roar-ing, Hear his trump-ets  
2. Lis-ten how the wind goes moan-ing In the chim-ney

Piano

blow! \*) (Hear his trump-ets blow!) O - ver roofs and  
flue, In the chim-ney flue; Round the doors and

chim - neys soar - ing, Shout - ing fierce - ly, O - ho - ho!  
win - dows groan - ing, Cry - ing sad - ly, Oo - hoo - hoo!

*poco rit.*

O - ver roofs and chim-neys soar - ing, Hear his trump-ets blow!  
\*) (Let me in for I am lone - ly, Let me in with you.)

*poco rit.*

\*) Words in parentheses may be sung by one child at a distance.

## 32. A Night in the Woods

HOMER H. HARBOUR

Slowly

Dutch Folk-song

Voices

1. A - sleep in their shad - y bed, Hush - a - bye - ol! Two  
2. They o - pen'd their pret - ty eyes Just be - fore dark, As  
3. They fed up - on grass-es green, Ber - ries, and ferns, And

Piano

ba - by deer nest-led one day, While o - ver their heads the wee  
fad - ed the long af - ter - noon; They wan-der'd all night a-mong  
drank of the lake cool and deep; But when the first light of the

birds of the woods Were sing - ing and swing-ing a - way. While way.  
mead-ows and fields Where bright-ly was shin - ing the moon. They moon.  
sun touch'd the trees, They lay in their bed sound a - sleep.. But sleep.

1  
2

# 33. The Pine Tree Swing

HOMER H. HARBOUR

With swinging rhythm

German Folk-song

Voices



Piano



found me a won-der-ful swing Where I can rest so  
white clouds sail laz - i - ly by, And some-times lit - tle

safe so high And hear the breeze in the branch - es sigh, And  
birds light near And sing their songs close to my ear, And

*poco rit.*

up and down, and up and down The wind sings rock - a - bye  
up and down, and up and down I rock twixt earth and sky

*poco rit.*

# 34. I saw three ships

Anonymous

With spirit

Old Song

Voices      With spirit

1. I saw three ships come sailing by,  
2. And what do you think was on the ships,

Piano {

Sail - ing by, sail - ing by; I saw three ships come  
On the ships, on the ships; And what do you think was

sail - ing by, On New - Year's day in the morn - ing.  
on the ships, On New Year's day in the morn - ing?  
*poco rit.*

3

Three pretty girls were on the ships,  
On the ships, on the ships;  
Three pretty girls were on the ships,  
On New Year's day in the morning.

4

And one could whistle and one could sing,  
The other could play the violin;  
Such joy there was at my wedding,  
On New Year's day in the morning.

# 35. Playing Ball on the Stairs

RICHARD COMPTON

Moderately fast

French Folk-song

Voices



Piano



Here in my hand is a red rub-ber ball; See how I  
Step by step down a - gain, drop-ping so slow; In - to my

make it go hip - pi - ty - hop! See how I throw it way  
hand see it fall with a bump! All the way back to the

up to the top; Here it comes down a-gain, clop - pi - ty - clop!  
top see it jump! Here it comes down a-gain, bump - e - ty - bump!

poco rit.

# 36. Tirra-lirra-lirra

JOHN ERWIN

With spirit

German Folk-song

Voices

*mf*

1. Tir - ra - lir - ra - lir - ra, In the Spring  
 2. Tir - ra - lir - ra - lir - ra, Is our song,  
 3. Tir - ra - lir - ra - lir - ra, Soft and low,

Piano

O - ri-oles and rob - ins Sweet-ly sing; From the leaf - y branch-es  
 When the love - ly sum - mer Days are long; Row-ing on the riv - er  
 Hear the brook in win - ter 'Neath the snow; Tho' the leaves are dead Where-

We can hear Tir - ra - lir - ra - lir - ra Ring - ing clear.  
 Or the sea, Tir - ra - lir - ra - lir - ra Sing with glee!  
 e'er we look, Tir - ra - lir - ra - lir - ra Sings the brook.

*poco rit.*

## 37. The Little Dustman

Anonymous

German Folk-song

Slowly

Voices

1. The flow - 'rets all sleep sound - ly Be -  
2. Now see, the lit - tle dust - man At the  
3. And ere the lit - tle dust - man Is

Piano

neath the moon's bright ray, They nod their heads to  
win-dow shows his head, And looks for all good  
man - y steps a - way, Thy pret - ty eyes, my

poco rit.

geth - er, And dream the night a - way.  
chil - dren Who ought to be in bed.  
dar - ling, Close fast un - til next day.  
poco rit.

*mp a tempo*

The bud - ding trees wave to and fro, And -  
 And as each wea - ry pet he spies Throws  
 But they shall ope at morn - ing's light And -  
*a tempo*

*mp*

mur - mur soft and low,  
 dust in - to its eyes.  
 greet the sun - shine bright.

*pp*

Sleep on,  
 Sleep on,  
 Sleep on,

*pp*

*rit.*  
 sleep on,- sleep on, my lit - tle one! \_\_\_\_\_  
 sleep on,- sleep on, my lit - tle one! \_\_\_\_\_  
 sleep on,- sleep on, my lit - tle one! \_\_\_\_\_

*rit.*

# 38. The Shadow

MAY MORGAN

With swinging rhythm

Old Song

*mp*

**Voices**

1. My shad - ows al - ways with me, No —  
 2.His size is al - ways chang - ing, Some -  
 3.But though he's al - ways friend - ly, And -

*mp*

**Piano**

*poco rit.*

mat - ter where I go; — My pace he's al - ways  
 times he shoots up tall; — And then a - gain he  
 loves with me to stay, — My fun - ny lit - tle

*poco rit.*

keep - ing, If — fast I move, or slow. —  
 dwin - dles Un - til he's ver - y small. —  
 shad - ows Has not a word to say. —

# 39. Song of Praise

RICHARD COMPTON

Old English Song

Slowly

**Voices**

*mp*

1.God, our\_ Fa-ther, made the\_ day - light; God, our\_  
2.God, we\_ thank Thee for the\_ show-ers, God, we\_-

**Piano**

*mp*

**mf**

Fa - ther, made the\_ night; God made moun - tains,  
thank Thee for the\_ dew; Might - y trees\_ and

**poco rit.**

sea, and\_ sky, And the white clouds float-ing high.  
flow - ers\_ small; God, our Fa - ther, gave them all.

*poco rit.*

**mf**

## 40. God, our Loving Father

RICHARD COMPTON

## Finnish Melody

**Slowly**

Voices

1. Who made ocean, earth, and sky? God, our lov-ing Fa-ther.  
2. Who made lakes and riv-ers blue? God, our lov-ing Fa-ther.

Piano

A musical score for piano. The top staff is in treble clef, 2/4 time, dynamic 'mf', with a melodic line consisting of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef, 4/4 time, dynamic 'p', with a harmonic bass line consisting of quarter and eighth notes.

**Who made sun and moon on high?** God, our lov-ing Fa-ther.  
**Who made snow and rain and dew?** God, our lov-ing Fa-ther.

三

$p$  —————

Who made all the birds that fly? God, our lov-ing Fa-ther.  
He made lit-tle chil-dren too. God, our lov-ing Fa-ther.

He made lit - tle chil - dren see God, our lov-ing Fa-ther.

No shade fit the sun's arch too; God, our love - King fairer.

*rit.*

# 41. Come, Thou Almighty King

Anonymous

FELICE GIARDINI

With dignity

**Voices**

Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy

Piano

name \_\_\_\_\_ to sing, Help us to praise.

Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous,

Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.

# 42. How wondrous and great

Bishop H. U. ONDERDONK (1826)

JOSEF HAYDN

With dignity

*mf*

Voices

1. How won - drous and great Thy works, God of  
2. To na - tions long dark Thy light shall be

Piano

praisel! How just, King of saints, And true — are Thy shown; Their wor - ship and vows Shall come — to Thy ways!

*mf*

Oh, who shall not fear Thee, And hon - or Thy throne: Thy truth and Thy judge - ments Shall spread all a -

*mf*

Name? Thou on - ly art ho - ly, Thou on - ly su - preme.  
broad, 'Till earth's ev - 'ry peo - ple Con - fess - Thee their God.

*rit.**f*

on - ly art ho - ly, Thou on - ly su - preme.  
broad, 'Till earth's ev - 'ry peo - ple Con - fess - Thee their God.

# 43. Silent Night

Carol

Anonymous

FRANZ GRUBER

**Slowly**

**Voices**

1. Si - lent night      Ho - ly night! All is calm; all is bright  
 2. Si - lent night      Ho - ly night! Dark-ness flies, all is light!  
 3. Si - lent night      Ho - ly night! Child of heav'n! O how bright

**Piano**

Round yon vir - gin Moth - er and child, Ho - ly in - fant so  
 Shep - herds hear - the an - gels sing: "Hal - le - lu - ia!  
 Thou didst smile\_ when Thou\_ wast born! Bless - ed be — that

ten - der and mild; Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav-en-ly peace.  
 hail - the king! Christ the Sav - ior is born! Christ the Sav-iор is born!"  
 hap - py morn, Full of heav - en - ly joy,- Full of heav-en-ly joy!  
 rit.

# 44. Once, long ago

RICHARD COMPTON

Old Bohemian Christmas Carol

Brightly

**Voices**

1. Once, long a - go, when the world lay a -  
2. Then all the skies were a - flame with great

**Piano**

sleep, Out on the plain shep - herds watch'd o'er their  
light, Where shin - ing hosts of God's an - gels stood

sheep; Lo, there an an-gel bright came up - on them, Glad tid-ings from on  
bright; Glo - ry to God on high, they were sing-ing, Joy un-to all man-

high bring - ing to them: Je - sus is born!  
kind they were bring - ing: Je - sus is born!

# 45. Lincoln's Birthday

HOMER H. HARBOUR

In moderate time

Dutch Folk-song

Voices

*mf*

1. In tow'r and spire were ring-ing, This day at dawn, the  
2. The for-est winds went sigh-ing, One drear-y win-ter,  
3. The roll-ing years add bright-ness To Lin-coln's well-lov'd

Piano

*mf*

bells; And now the chil-dren's sing-ing From hall and school-house  
day, A-round a-rough log cab-in Where as a babe he  
name, And chil-dren of our chil-dren Shall sing his praise and

swells. Of one who lov'd his peo-ple The glad birth-day to—  
lay. But nev-er king nor cap-tain Did no-bler deeds than  
fame. Wide o'er this land the peo-ple With joy his birth-day—

greet: Ring, bells from ev-'ry steep-le, Wave, flags in ev-'ry street!  
he, Who saved a might-y na-tion, And set a peo-ple free.  
greet: Ring, bells from ev-'ry steep-le, Wave, flags in ev-'ry street!

*frit.*

*rit.*

# 46. The Fourth of July

JOHN IRWIN

With spirit

German Melody

Voices

1. From dawn of day to — set of sun Ju - ly the Fourth is —  
 2. A — birth-day pre-sent ev'-ry year We ought to give our

Piano

full of fun; O hap - py sum - mer hol - i - day, When  
 coun - try dear; O hap - py sum - mer hol - i - day, When

ban - ners wave and chil-dren play! The birth-day of our  
 ban - ners wave and chil-dren play! So now, dear land, I

own dear land, Be - neath whose star - ry — flag we stand.  
 give to you My heart's love ev - er — warm and true.

*poco rit.*

# 47. Santa Claus

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

With spirit

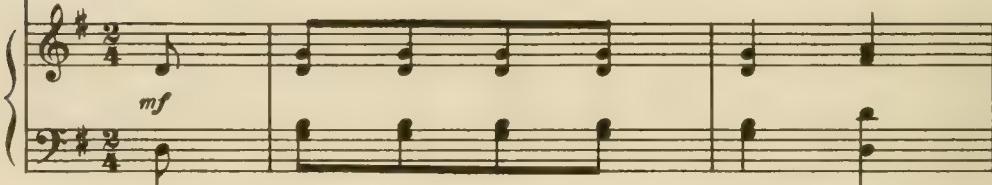
Old German Song

Voices



1.What clat - ters on the roofs With  
2. I won - der what he brings, What

Piano



quick im - pa - tient hoofs? I think it must be San - ta Claus!  
heaps of pret - ty things, And how he gets them down the flue.



Hark! Old San - ta Claus, He's in his load - ed sledge!  
Hark! Down thro' the flue Just where the stock - ings hang!



3

'Tis cold as cold can be,  
Yet I should like to see  
If Santa Claus is dressed his best.  
Hark! Dressed for his ride,  
His ride around the world.

4

I guess I'll dare to peep,  
He'll think me sound asleep;  
Why, there he is with heaps of toys!  
Hark! Yes, heaps of toys;  
Yes, there is Santa Claus!

# 48. The Flag going by

HOMER H. HARBOUR

German Folk-song

With dignity

*mf*

Voices

1. O beau - ti - ful ban - ner all splen - did with stars, That  
2. From o - cean to o - cean you bright - en our land, O'er

Piano

*mf*

down the street comes fly - ing, Proud em - blem\_ of the free! My  
prai-rie, for - est, moun-tain, Su - perb a - gainst the sky. O

*mf*

heart and hand sa - lute you, Dear flag of lib - er - ty!  
flag for which men la - bor! O flag for which men die!

*rit.*

*f*

## 49. America

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

Old Saxon Melody

Slowly

*mf*

Voices

1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,  
 2. My na-tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,

Piano { *mf*

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the  
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and

*f*

Pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring.  
 tem-pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.  
*rit.*

3

Let music swell the breeze,  
 And ring from all the trees  
 Sweet freedom's song;  
 Let mortal tongues awake,  
 Let all that breathe partake;  
 Let rocks their silence break,  
 The sound prolong.

4

Our fathers' God, to Thee,  
 Author of liberty,  
 To Thee we sing;  
 Long may our land be bright  
 With freedom's holy light,  
 Protect us by Thy might,  
 Great God, our King.

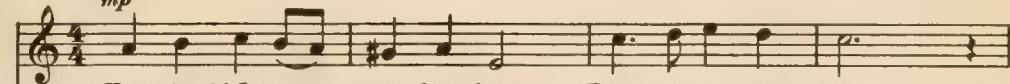
## 50. How should I your true love know? <sup>51</sup>

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Am*

Slowly  
*mp*

English Folk-song

Voices



Piano



*poco rit.*

By his cock - le - hat and staff And his san - dal shoon.  
At his head a grass green turf, At his heels a stone.

*poco rit.*

## 51. The Bells

JOHN ERWIN

With spirit  
*mf*

French Folk-song

Voices



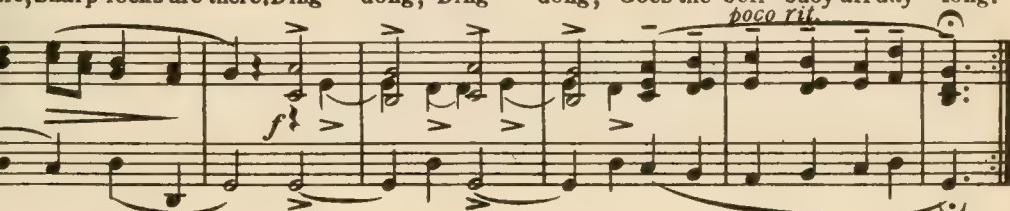
Piano



*poco rit.*

say The time of day. Ding - dong, Ding - dong, Is the church bell's so-lemn song.  
ware, Sharp rocks are there; Ding - dong, Ding - dong, Goes the bell - buoy all day long.

*poco rit.*



# 52. The Golden Boat

HOMER H. HARBOUR

German Melody

**Slowly**  
*mp*

**Voices**

1. Down the riv - er swift - ly sail - ing Comes a  
 2. Not a mast or sail to guide it, On the  
 3. Now I'll tell you that my riv - er Was the

**Piano**

*mp*

love - ly gold - en boat; Light it drifts — as an - y  
 yel - low deck are seen; 'Tis a ship — of ti - ny  
 gut - ter-stream that rolled, And my boat,— a leaf of

*poco rit.*

feath - er On the rush - ing stream a - float.  
 fair - ies Tak - ing home— the fair - y queen.  
 ma - ple That the frost— had turn'd to gold.

*poco rit.*

# 53. Cradle Song

Anonymous

German Folk-song

In moderate time

**p**

Voices

1. Sleep, ba - by,- sleep. Thy fa - ther tends the-  
2. Sleep, ba - by,- sleep. 'Tis heav - en sends us-  
3. Sleep, ba - by,- sleep. And you still have a-

Piano

**p**

sheep, Thy moth - er shakes the ap - ple-tree And  
sheep; The lit - tle stars are lamb - kins white, The  
sheep, And he shall have a gold - en bell, And

**p rit.**

down comes all the fruit for thee. Sleep, ba - by, sleep.  
moon she tends them all the night. Sleep, ba - by, sleep.  
play with ba - by in the dell. Sleep, ba - by, sleep.

**p rit.**

# 54. I had a little sail-boat

## La Bergère

JOHN IRWIN

With spirit

French Folk-song

*Voices*

*Piano*

2

An ugly frog sat staring,  
An ugly frog that was on a log;  
An ugly frog sat staring,  
And leaped upon the deck,  
Tra la,  
And leaped upon the deck.

3

My ship went topsy-turvy;  
Her sails so white disappeared from sight;  
My ship went topsy-turvy,  
Beneath the water clear,  
Tra la,

Beneath the water clear.

*El le fit une fromage,  
Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon,  
El le fit une fromage,  
Du lait de ses moutons,  
Ron, ron,  
Du lait de ses moutons.*

3

*Le chat qui la regarde,  
Etron, ron, ron, petit patapon,  
Le chat qui la regarde  
D'un petit air fripon,  
Ron, ron,  
D'un petit air fripon.*

4

*Si tu mets y la patte,  
Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon,  
Si tu mets y la patte,  
Tu auras du bâton,  
Ron, ron,  
Tu auras du bâton.*

5

*Il n'y mit pas la patte,  
Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon,  
Il n'y mit pas la patte,  
Il y mit le menton,  
Ron, ron,  
Il y mit le menton.*

6

*La bergère en colère,  
Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon,  
La bergère en colère,  
A tué son chaton,  
Ron, ron,  
A tué son chaton.*

# 55. The Winds and the Shadows

HOMER H. HARBOUR **Le Petit Chasseur**

In moderate time

Old French Song

Voices

Piano

1. On a sun-ny day in June, I have watch'd the breez-es  
1. Il é-tait un pe-tit homm', A che-val sur un bâ-

play, All a gold-en af-ter - noon, Rac-ing with the shad-ows  
ton; Il s'en al-lait à la chass', A la chass' aux z'hann-ne-

poco rit.

gray, A-fly-ing, fly-ing far a-way, A-fly-ing, fly-ing far a-way.  
tons, Et ti ton tain et ti ton tain; et ti ton tain' Et ti ton ton!  
poco rit.

2

Over wood and over hill

Sliding swift the shadows go,

Over church and farm and mill,

When the merry breezes blow,

A-gliding, gliding on below,

A-gliding, gliding on below.

3

But the breezes stop their play,

In the golden sunset light,

And the shadows creep away

In the forest out of sight,

A-sleeping, sleeping through the night,

A-sleeping, sleeping through the night.

2

*Il s'en allait à la chasse  
A la chass' aux z'hannetons;  
Quand il ful sur la montagn',  
Il partit un coup d'cannon.*

*Et ti ton tain', etc.*

3

*Quand il fut sur la montagn',  
Il partit un coup d'cannon;  
Il en eut si peur d'mêm',  
Qu'il tomba sur ses talons,*

*Et ti ton tain', etc.*

4

*Il en eut si peur d'mêm',  
Qu'il tomba sur ses talons;  
Tout's les dames du village  
Lui porterent des bonbons.*

*Et ti ton tain', etc.*

5

*Tout's les dames du village  
Lui porterent des bonbons.  
Je vous remerci' mesdam's,  
De vous et de vos bonbons.*

*Et ti ton tain', etc.*

# 56. Cock-a-doodle-doo!

Anonymous

English Folk-song

Gaily

*mf*

**Voices**

1. Cock - a - doo - dle doo! My dame has lost her shoe, My  
 2. Cock - a - doo - dle doo! What is my dame to do? Till  
 3. Cock - a - doo - dle doo! My dame has found her shoe, And

**Piano**

*mf*

*mf*

mas-ter's lost his fid-dling stick, And doesn't know what to do. And  
 mas-ter's found his fid-dling stick She'll dance with - out her shoe. She'll  
 mas-ter's found his fid-dling stick, Sing doo - die - doo - dle - doo! Sing

*mf*

*f*

doesn't know what to do, And doesn't know what to do; My  
 dance with - out her shoe, She'll dance with - out her shoe; Till  
 doo - die - doo - dle - doo; Sing doo - die - doo - dle - doo; And

*f*

*poco rit.*

mas-ter's lost his fid-dling stick, And doesn't know what to do.  
 mas-ter's found his fid-dling stick, She'll dance with - out her shoe.  
 mas-ter's found his fid-dling stick, Sing doo - die - doo - dle - doo!  
*poco rit.*

# 57. The Mail-box

HOMER H. HARBOUR

German Folk-song

Moderately fast

*mp*

**Voices**

1. The let - ters come all day to the mail - box  
 2. All in the dark they lie for an hour or  
 3. To coun-tries far a - way shall these let - ters

**Piano**

*mp*

bright, Like pi-gions to the house where they sleep at night.  
 more, Un - til the post-man comes to un - lock the door;  
 go; Here's one must take a jour - ney to Mex - i - co;

*mf*

Lift the lid and in they go, Down to join their mates be - low; Each  
 Out they hur - ry in a flock; Click be-hind them goes the lock, And  
 That one goes to far Ja - pan, This one goes to Hin - du-stan; To

*mf*

*f poco rit.*

one goes tum - bling in and is lost to sight.  
 now they're off on tra - vel's the wide world o'er.  
 Par - is and to Rome and to To - ki - o.

*poco rit.*

*f*

The musical score consists of five staves of music. The top staff is for the voice, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The second staff is for the piano, also in treble clef and common time. The third staff is for the voice, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The fourth staff is for the piano, also in treble clef and common time. The fifth staff is for the voice, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The lyrics are written below the corresponding staves. The first section of lyrics is in English, followed by a section in German, and then another section in English. The piano part includes dynamic markings like 'mp' (mezzo-forte) and 'mf' (mezzo-forte), and performance instructions like 'poco rit.' (poco ritardando) and 'f' (forte). The vocal part includes dynamic markings like 'moderately fast' and 'mp'.

# 58. Evening on the River

RICHARD COMPTON

German Folk-song

Slowly

*p*

**Voices**

1. The ri - ver is clear as glass,  
2. Far down in the wa - ters clear  
3. The bright clouds are fad - ing now,

**Piano**

*p*

*poco rit.*

Just be-fore sun - set As we loos - en Our  
See the clouds sail - ing; Some are crim - son And  
Night is fast com - ing; In the dark - ness Be -

*poco rit.*

row - boat And drift a - long shore.  
ro - sy, Some flam - ing with gold.  
neath us There gleams a bright star.

# 59. The Old Woman and the Peddler

Anonymous

English Folk-song

**With spirit**

**Voices**

1. There was an old wo-man, as I've heard tell, Fal, la,  
2. There came by a ped-dler whose name was Stout, Fal, la,

**Piano**

lal lal lal lal la! She went to mar - ket her eggs for to sell,  
lal lal lal lal la! He cut her pet - ti-coats round a - bout,

Fal, la!, lal lal lal lal la! She went to mar - ket as I've heard say,  
Fal, la!, lal lal lal lal la! He cut her pet-ti-coats up to her knees,

*Also published for Women's Voices (3-part)*

(E.C.S. No. 1060)

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For all Countries

The musical score consists of three staves of music in G major, 2/4 time. The top staff has a treble clef, the middle staff has a bass clef, and the bottom staff has an alto clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first two staves begin with a vocal line: "Fal, lal, lal lal lal lal lal" followed by "She fell a-sleep on the Fal, lal, lal lal lal lal lal". The third staff begins with "King's high-way, shiv-er and sneeze," followed by "Fal, lal, lal lal lal lal lal lal". The music includes dynamic markings like *mf* and *poco rit.*

## 3

When this little woman did first awake,  
Fal lal, etc.  
She began to shiver and began to shake;  
Fal lal, etc.  
She began to wonder, she began to cry,  
Fal lal, etc.  
"Oh, deary me, this can never be I!"  
Fal lal, etc.

## 4

"But if it be I, as I hope it be,  
Fal lal, etc.  
I've a doggie at home that I'm sure knows me.  
Fal lal, etc.  
And if it be I, he will wag his tail,  
Fal lal, etc.  
And if it's not I, he will bark and wail."  
Fal lal, etc.

## 5

Home went the old woman all in the dark,  
Fal lal, etc.  
Then up got her dog and began to bark,  
Fal lal, etc.  
He began to bark; she began to cry.  
Fal lal, etc.  
"Deary me, dear! this is none of I!"  
Fal lal, etc.

# 60. If I were an Elfin

HOMER H. HARBOUR

Bohemian Folk-song

Fast

**Voices**

1. If I were a tiny elf-in, Just as high  
2. There I'd watch from out my win-dow Bum-ble-bees  
3. Safe from gi-ant toad and spar-row I should keep

**Piano**

As a fly, I should creep in-to a flow-er There to lie.  
In the breeze, Buzz-ing by a-mong the grass-es Tall as trees.  
Hid-den deep, Till the sum-mer wind would rock me Fast a-sleep.

## 61. The Cuckoo

HOMER H. HARBOUR

German Folk-song

Moderately fast

*mp*

Voices

1. The cuck - oo is a sau - cy bird, and  
2. The rob - in and the o - ri - ole oft

Piano

*mp*

will not hold her tongue; — The cuck - oo is a gad - a - bout, and  
scold her to her face; — They tell her faults to all the wood, and

*mf*

cares not for her young; — She quar - rels long and nois - i - ly, And  
pub - lish her dis - grace; — Yet not a sin - gle wit cares she, But

*poco rit.*

chat - ters out in ev - 'ry tree, Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo! —  
chit - rups at them sau - ci - ly, Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo! —  
*poco rit.*

## 62. The Lamps of Night

HOMER H. HARBOUR

English Melody

Slowly

Voices

Piano

*p*

1. When eve - ning comes, and its grow - ing dark, I  
 2. And one by one in the build - ings high The  
 3. And o - ver - head in the qui - et skies, The

*p*

watch from out my room, Like chains of gold - en  
 win - dows blaze with light, Un - til like tow - ers  
 stars be - gin to show, The lamps of God that

*poco rit.*

beads a - far, The street lamps light the gloom.  
 fill'd with gold They stand here in the night.  
 He has set To light His world be - low.

*poco rit.*

# 63. The Strawberry Girl

Anonymous

Old English Melody

In moderate time

*mp*

Voices

1. Oh, is it not a \_\_\_\_ pleasant thing To \_\_\_\_  
 2. To sit with - in the \_\_\_\_ deep, cool, shade, At \_\_\_\_  
 3. I sigh when first I \_\_\_\_ see the leaves Fall,-

Piano

*mf*

wan - der thro' the woods? To look up - on the \_\_\_\_  
 some tall ash - tree's root; To fill my lit - tle \_\_\_\_  
 yel - low on the plain; And all the win - ter \_\_\_\_

*poco rit.*

*mp*

paint - ed \_\_\_\_ flow'r's, And watch the \_\_\_\_ op - 'ning \_\_\_\_ buds.  
 bas - ket \_\_\_\_ with The sweet and \_\_\_\_ scent - ed \_\_\_\_ fruit.  
 long \_\_\_\_ I \_\_\_\_ sing, "Sweet Sum - mer,- come a - gain!"

*poco rit.*

*mp*

# 64. The Old Man

Anonymous

Old English Melody

**Fast**

**Voices**

1. Wil - ly, Wil - ly, Will, The old man's com - ing;  
2. Wil - ly, Wil - ly, Will, The old man's com - ing;

Wil - ly, Wil - ly, Will, What brings he here? Wil - ly, Wil - ly, Will, Nice  
Wil - ly, Wil - ly, Will, What else has he? Wil - ly, Wil - ly, Will, Such

su - gar can - dy, Wil - ly, Wil - ly, Will, For you, my lit - tle dear.  
pret - ty play - things, Wil - ly, Wil - ly, Will, A pock - et full for thee.

3

Willy, Willy, Will,  
What more I wonder?  
Willy, Willy, Will,  
A good stout cane;  
Willy, Willy, Will,  
Some little boy's been crying,  
Willy, Willy, Will,  
He'd best not cry again.

4

Willy, Willy, Will,  
My Will's a darling;  
Willy, Willy, Will,  
Ne'er cries he'll find;  
Willy, Willy, Will,  
He'll keep his caning,  
Willy, Willy, Will,  
For boys who will not mind.

# 65. In the Firelight

HOMER H. HARBOUR

English Folk-song

In moderate time

**Voices**

1. On winter nights when stormy winds Are  
2. Then while the old folks tell their tales And  
3. To see bold knights and drag ons there, And

**Piano**

*mp*

driv - ing fast the snow, I love to sit be -  
sto - ries of the past, To look for pic - tures  
caves and cas - tles red, Un - til the flames have

*poco rit.*

fore the fire, And hear the north-wind blow,  
in the flames That from the wood leap fast.  
all died down, And I must go to bed.  
*poco rit.*

# 66. Robin-a-Thrush

Anonymous

English Folk-song

Voices

With swinging rhythm

Piano

1. O Rob - in - a - Thrush he mar - ried a wife, With a  
 2. Her cheese when made was put on the shelf, With a

hop-pe-ty, mop-pe-ty mow, now; She prov'd to be, the plague of his life, With a  
 hop-pe-ty, mop-pe-ty mow, now; And it nev-er was turn'd till it turn'd of it-self, With a

hig jig jig - ge-ty, ruf - fe-ty pet - ti-coat, Rob - in - a - Thrush cries mow, now!  
 hig jig jig - ge-ty, ruf - fe-ty pet - ti-coat, Rob - in - a - Thrush cries mow, now!

poco rit.

3

It turned and turned till it walked on the floor,  
 With a hoppety, moppety mow, now;  
 It stood upon legs and walked to the door,  
 With a hig jig jiggety, ruffety petticoat,  
 Robin-a-Thrush cries mow, now!

4

It walked till it came to Banbury Fair,  
 With a hoppety, moppety mow, now;  
 The dame followed after upon a grey mare  
 With a hig jig jiggety, ruffety petticoat,  
 Robin-a-Thrush cries mow, now!

5

This song it was made for gentlemen,  
 With a hoppety, moppety mow, now;  
 If you want any more you must sing it again,  
 With a hig jig jiggety, ruffety petticoat,  
 Robin-a-Thrush cries mow, now!

# 67. Echo Song

JOHN IRWIN

German Folk-song

**With spirit**

*mp*

**Voices**

3/4

1. Have you ev - er heard an ech - o clear?  
 2. Some - times in the wood the ech - oes hide;  
 3. In an emp - ty house are ech - oes found,

**Piano**

3/4

*mp*

*mf*

Lis - ten as we sing and you shall hear; Heigh - o, Heigh - o, Heigh - ol  
 Shout and they shout back from ev - 'ry side; Hey - o, Hey - o, Hey - ol  
 Just like sol - emn voic - es un - der - ground; Hoo - loo, Hoo - loo, Hoo - loo!

(echo)

*pp*

*f poco rit.*

Heigh - o, Heigh - o, Heigh - ol Sing with good cheer!  
 Hey - o, Hey - o, Hey - ol Shout far and wide!  
 Hoo - loo, Hoo - loo, Hoo - loo! How sad they sound!

*poco rit.*

*pp*

# 68. Where are you going to?

Anonymous

Old Song

With swinging rhythm

*mp*

**Voices**

1. Where are you go-ing to, my pret-ty maid? Where are you go-ing to,  
2. May I go with you, my pret-ty maid? May I go with you,

**Piano**

*mf*

my pret-ty maid?" "I'm go-ing a-milk-ing, Sir," she said, "Sir," she said,  
my pret-ty maid?" "You're kind - ly wel-come, Sir," she said, "Sir," she said,

*poco rit.*

"Sir," she said, "I'm go-ing a - milk - ing, Sir," she said.  
"Sir," she said, "You're kind - ly wel - come, Sir," she said.

*poco rit.*

3

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?  
What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"  
"My face is my fortune, Sir," she said,  
"Sir," she said, "Sir," she said,  
"My face is my fortune, Sir," she said.

4

"Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid,  
Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid."  
"Nobody asked you, Sir," she said,  
"Sir," she said, "Sir," she said,  
"Nobody asked you, Sir," she said.

# 69. The Apple-tree House

RICHARD COMPTON

German Melody

Moderately slow

*mp*

Voices

1. The ap - ple-tree is cov - er'd with blos-soms of —  
2. We make be-lieve we're In - dians a - hid - ing all —

Piano

*mp*

pink, With the branch-es all a - round it bent down to the  
day, And we lie there on our cush-ions of grass soft as

*poco rit.*

grass-tops; Un - der - neath it we have made us our Ap - ple-tree House.  
vel - vet; Watch - ing birds that come to see us in Ap - ple-tree House.

*poco rit.*

# 70. Planting a Garden

RICHARD COMPTON

With swinging rhythm

Flemish Melody

**Voices**

1. You rake and shov - el and wheel - bar - row  
2. Be sure you cov - er them all ere you

**Piano**

bring; Let's plant us a gar-den this morn - ing in spring;  
go; Now rake the top o - ver and leave them to grow.

Dig lit - tle trench-es, pull out all the weeds;  
Shine, mer - ry sun - light, and fall, gen - tle rain!

*poco rit.*

Pour in some wa - ter, then drop in your seeds.  
Tend to my gar - den till I come a - gain.

# 71. On a Frosty Morning

JOHN IRWIN

French Folk-song

With spirit

**Voices**

1. Patter go the nuts on a frost-y morn-ing, Fall-ing from the  
2. Mis-ter Squir-rel lives in a hol-low ma-ple; Win-dow there is

**Piano**

*mf*

trees to the ground be - low; Here's Mis-ter Squir - rel, hop, hop,  
none, and but one small door; Time aft - er time fast - home he

*mf*

hop! Pick - ing them up as fast they drop; Pack - ing them a -  
hops, In - to his door the nuts he drops; Who do you sup -

*poco rit.*

way for his food in win-ter, When the woods and fields will be white with snow.  
pose is in-side to meet him? Moth - er Squir - rel gray and her chil - dren four.  
*poco rit.*

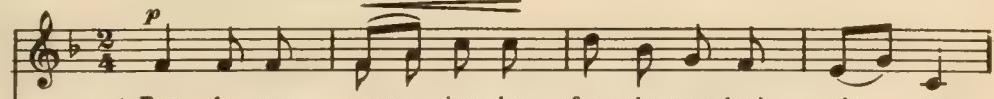
# 72. Early One Morning

Anonymous

English Folk-song

In moderate time

Voices



Piano

"South winds are blow - ing, Green grass is grow - ing,  
 "Fare - well! we're go - ing; Cold winds are blow - ing;

We - come to her - ald the mer - ry - Spring."  
 But - we'll be back - when the days - grow - long!"

poco rit.

## 73. November

HOMER H. HARBOUR

Slowly

Bohemian Folk-song

Voices



1. Gone are the swal-lows from field and hill; Where rob-ins sang all the  
2. With-er'd and gone are the clo-vers red; Dai-sies and sun-flow-ers

Piano



trees are still; Woods are bare Ev - 'ry - where;  
all are dead; As - ters blue, Pop - pies too;

Loud cries the blue - jay be - hind the mill, Where the dry  
Soon o'er the fields win - ter winds will spread Drifts of snow

dead leaves lie; Where rob - ins sang all the trees are still.  
High and low; Dai - sies and sun - flow - ers all are dead.

*poco rit.**poco rit.*

# 74. The Robin

Anonymous

Old Song

In moderate time

*mp*

Voices

1. There came to my win - dow one morn - ing in spring A  
2. Her wings she was spread-ing to soar far a - way, Then

Piano

sweet lit - tle rob - in, she, came there to sing; The tune that she sang, it was  
rest-ing a mo-ment seem'd sweet-ly to say, "Oh, hap - py, how hap - py the

pre - ti - er far Than an - y I heard on the flute or gui - tar.  
world seems to be, A - wake, dear-est child, and be hap - py with me.

*poco rit.**poco rit.*

## 75. The Chickadee

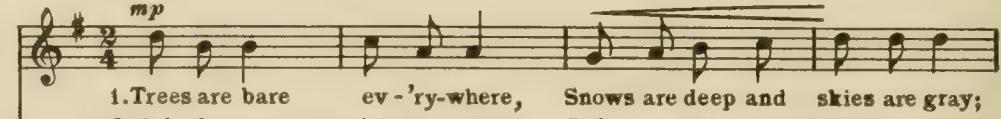
MAY MORGAN

German Folk-song

Fast

*mp*

Voices



Piano

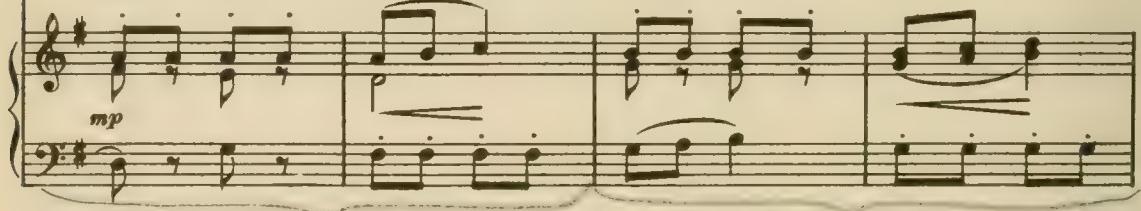


*pianissimo (1)* *(1)* *pianissimo (2)*

Yet one bird may be heard On the cold-est day.  
He's so gay, Qua-ker gray Does not suit him quite.



Ask his name and he'll re-ply, Cock-ing up a ro-guish eye,  
Most un-like his so-ber coat Is his bright and cheer-y note,

*poco rit.*

"Chick-a-dee, Chick-a-dee, Chick-a-dee-dee-dee."  
"Chick-a-dee, Chick-a-dee, Chick-a-dee-dee-dee."

*poco rit.*

# 76. The Holiday

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

Old French Song

With spirit

*mp*

Voices

1. One morn-ing ear - ly, fra-grant was the air; The dew-drops  
2. 'Twas per - fect weath-er for an out-ing gay; We rode to -

pear-ly Spar-kled ev -'ry - where. And light clouds curl - y Prom-is'd 'twould be  
geth - er On the load of hay, In such high feath-er, Sing-ing all the

*mf*

poco rit.

fair. Tra la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la.  
way, Tra la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la.

*mf*

poco rit.

3

The pine grove shaded  
Rustic seat and swings;  
The small boys waded,  
Tried their swimming wings;  
The young girls aided  
With the picnic things.  
  
Tra la la la,  
Tra la la la la,  
Tra la.

4

And then day ended  
With the homeward ride;  
Our voices blended  
As the sunset died;  
The full moon splendid  
All things glorified.  
  
Tra la la la,  
Tra la la la la,  
Tra la.

## 77. The Farmer

Anonymous

French Folk-song

Moderately fast

*mp*

Voices

1. The farmer on the low-land Ev-er pac-es to and  
2. The farmer on the low-land Ev-er pac-es to and

Piano

fro, Sow-ing bar-ley in the spring-time, Ev-er hop-ing it will grow;  
fro, Reap-ing bar-ley in the Au-tumn, Leaving stacks all in a row;

*p*

grow; Sow-ing bar-ley as he pac-es, In the spring-time of the row;  
row; Reap-ing bar-ley as he pac-es, In the Au-tumn of the

*poco rit.*

year; When the fruit trees are in blos-som, Sow-ing bar-ley far and near.  
year; When the grain is ripe and gold-en, Reap-ing bar-ley far and near.

*poco rit.*

# 78. Lullaby

RICHARD COMPTON

Scotch Folk-song

Slowly

**Voices**

**Piano**

1. Hush - a - by, ba - by, the night winds are sigh - ing,  
 2. Warm in their wool - ly folds lamb - kins are rest - ing,

**Piano**

Go to sleep, go to sleep, crick - ets are cry - ing;  
 Soft in their sway - ing beds wee birds are nest - ing;

**Piano**

Sleep till the dew on the grass - es is wink - ing,  
 All the dark night in your cra - dle lie dream - ing

**Piano**

Sleep till the morn - ing sun wak - ens you blink - ing.  
 Till the broad sun thro' the win - dow is stream - ing.

# 79. The Little Ship

Anonymous

English Folk-song

With swinging rhythm

*mp*

**Voices**

1. I saw a ship a - sail - ing, A - sail - ing on the  
 2. The four and twen - ty sail - ors That stood be-tween the

**Piano**

*mf*

seal — And, oh, it was all lad - en With pret - ty things for  
 decks, — Were four and twen-ty white mice With chains a - bout their

*mf*

thee! — There were com-fits in the cab - in, And apples in - the  
 necks; — The cap-tain was a tit-ble duck With a pack-et on - his

*poco rit.*

hold, And the spread-ing sails were made of silk, And the masts were made of gold.  
 back, And when the ship be - gan to move, The cap - tain cried, "Quack! Quack!" *poco rit.*

# 80. The Merry-go-round

81

HOMER H. HARBOUR

**Dame Tartine**

Fast

French Folk-song

Voices

*mf*

1. Round and round on gal - lop - ing hors - es, Round and  
1. Il é - tait un' da - me Tar - ti - ne Dans un

Piano

*mf*

round on bil - ly goats white, Boys and girls, are hap - pi - ly  
beau pa - lais de beurr' frais, Les mu - rail's é - taient de se -

rid - ing, Laugh - ing loud with mer - ry de - light, With mu - si - cal  
ri - ne, Le par - quet é - tait de cro - quets, Sa cham - bre à cou -

*poco rit.*

sound The mer - ry - go - round, The mer - ry - go - round is whirling a - round.  
cher E-tait d'é-chau - dés Son lit de bis - cuit C'est fort bon la nuit.

*poco rit.*

2

Side by side go lions and tigers,  
Tall giraffes and long-legged cranes,  
Every one is wearing a saddle;  
Every one has beautiful reins.

With musical sound the merry-go-round,  
The merry-go-round is whirling around.

3

We can choose whichever we want to,  
When our turn for riding is here;  
I think I shall go on a tiger;  
Don't you want to go on a deer?

With musical sound the merry-go-round,  
The merry-go-round is whirling.

2

Quand ell' s'en allait à la ville,  
Elle avait un petit bonnet;  
Les rubans étaient de pastille,  
Et le fond de bon raisiné;  
Sa petit' carriole  
Était d'croquignole;  
Ses petits chevaux  
Étaient d'pâtes chauds.

## 81. Old King Cole

Anonymous

Old Song

With spirit

Voices      *mf*

Piano      *p*

*poco rit.*

*mf a tempo*

*poco rit.*

*poco rit.*

## 82. Butterflies

### Giroflé, girofla

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

French Folk-song

Moderately fast

*mp*

Voices

1.What pret - ty wings you flut - ter, But - ter -  
*1. Que t'as de bel - les fil - les, Gi - ro -*

Piano

*mp*

flies, But - ter - flies! Please take me up there  
*flé, Gi - ro - flal Que t'as de bel - les*

1 with you, Let me with you rise! What with you rise!  
*fil - les, L'a - mour my comp - tra. Que my comp - tra.*

2 *poco rit.*

*poco rit.*

## CHORUS

*m f a tempo*

Ay, pret-ty wings we flut-ter, But-ter - flies, But-ter - flies! You  
Ell's sont bell's et gen - til - les, Gi - ro - flé, Gi - ro - flé! Ell's

*mf*

(Solo) ||: What lovely things you look at,  
Butterflies, Butterflies!  
Bright flowers and trees you look at  
When you sail the skies. :||

(Chorus) ||: Ay, lovely things we look at,  
Butterflies, Butterflies,  
Yet you see more than we see  
You have bigger eyes! :||

2

(Solo) ||: Donne-moi-z'en donc une,  
Giroflé, girofla:  
Donne-moi-z'en une,  
L'amour m'y compt'ra. :||

(Chœur) ||: Pas seul'ment la queue d'une,  
Giroflé, Girofla:  
Pas seul'ment la queue d'une,  
L'amour m'y compt'ra. :||

3

(Solo) ||: J'irai au bois seulette,  
Giroflé, girofla:  
J'irai au bois seulette,  
L'amour m'y compt'ra. :||

(Chœur) ||: Si le roi t'y rencontre?  
Giroflé, girofla:  
Si le roi t'y rencontre?  
L'amour m'y compt'ra. :||

4

(Solo) ||: J'lui f'rai trois révérences,  
Giroflé, girofla:  
J'lui f'rai trois révérences,  
L'amour m'y compt'ra. :||

(Chœur) ||: Si le diabl't'y rencontre?  
Giroflé, girofla:  
Si le diabl't'y rencontre?  
L'amour m'y compt'ra. :||

(Solo) ||: Je lui ferai les cornes  
Giroflé, girofla:  
Je lui ferai les cornes,  
L'amour m'y compt'ra. :||

# 83. Ladybird

Anonymous

German Folk-song

Slowly

Voices



Piano



while up - on my hand, And naught shall there af - fright thee! I'll treat thee  
 fire, — they chil - dren all - In pit - eous tones are cry - ing; The cru - el  
 more, to me once more; The sky is bright a - bove thee; Thy house is

well and set thee free, If thy bright wings thou'l spread for  
 spi - der lin - gers here, Fly, fly a - way or much I  
 safe, thy chil - dren well, So thou canst all thy fears dis-

me; Those wings, — those love - ly wings de - light me.  
 fear Thou'l find, — thou'l find thy chil - dren dy - ing.  
 pel; And dear - ly, and dear - ly do I love thee.

*poco rit.**poco rit.*

# 84. The Swallows

*Le furet du bois joli*

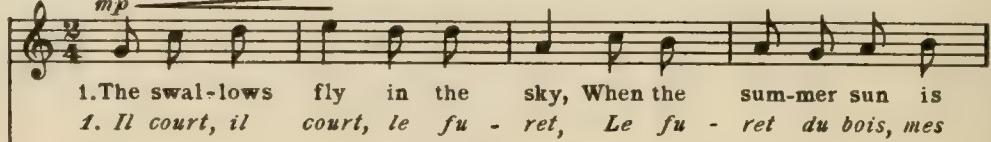
HOMER H. HARBOUR

Old French Song

Fast

*mp*

Voices



Piano

*mp*

high; The swallows fly o'er the trees, Rac-ing chas-ing with the  
dam's; *Il court, il court, le fu-ret, Le fu-ret du bois jo-*

breeze. Swing-ing high and swing-ing low, In great cir-cles round they  
*li. Il a pas-sé par i-ci; Le fu-ret du bois, mes*

go; Swing-ing high and swing-ing low, In great cir-cles round they  
dam's, Il a pas - sé par i - ci, Le fu - ret du bois jo -

go. The swal-lows fly in the sky, When the sum-mer sun is  
li. Il court, il court, le fu - ret, le fu - ret du bois, mes

high; The swal-lows fly o'er the trees, Rac-ing, chas-ing with the breeze.  
dam's; Il court, il court, le fu - ret, le fu - ret du bois jo - li.

2

The swallows fly swift and high,  
Darting after moth or fly;  
The swallows fly here and there,  
Sailing, circling everywhere.  
Dropping down a drink to take,  
Ripples in the pond they make;  
The swallows fly swift and high,  
Darting after moth or fly;  
The swallows fly here and there,  
Sailing, circling everywhere.

# 85. The Old Folks at Home

Words adapted from  
STEPHEN FOSTER

STEPHEN FOSTER

In moderate time

**Voices**

1. Way down up-on the Swa-nee riv-er, Far, far a -  
 2. All 'round the lit-tle farm I wan-der'd When I was  
 3. One lit - tle hut a - mong the bush-es, One that I

**Piano**

p  
p  
p

way, There's where my heart is turn-ing ev - er,  
 young, Then man - y hap - py days I squan-der'd,  
 love, Still sad - ly to my mem'ry rush - es,

p  
p

*poco rit.*

There's where the old folks stay.  
 Man - y the songs I sung.  
 No mat - ter where I rove.

*mp a tempo*

All up and down the  
 When I was play-ing  
 When shall I see the  
*a tempo*

*mp*

whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,  
 with my broth - er, Hap - py was I,  
 bees a - hum-ming, All 'round the comb?

*rit.*

Still long-ing for the old plan-ta-tion, And for the old folks at home.  
 Oh, take me to my kind old moth-er, There let me live and die!  
 When shall I hear the ban - jo tum-ming, Down in my good old home?

*rit.*

*mf a tempo*  
 All the world is sad and drear-y, Ev'-ry-where I roam,

*a tempo**mf*

Oh, how my heart grows sad and wea-ry, Far from the old folks at home.

*rit.*

# 86. Oh, come, all ye faithful

**Adeste fideles**

Translated by  
F. OAKELEY

JOHN READING

With dignity

Voices

Oh, come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri -  
A - des - te, fi - de - les, Lae - ti tri - um -

Pianc

um - phant, Oh, come ye, oh, come ye to  
phan - tes, Ve . ni - te, Ve - ni - te in

Beth - le - hem; Come and be - hold Him,  
Beth - le - hem; Na - tum vi - de - te

Born the King of An - gels; Oh, come, let us a -  
Re - gem An - ge - lo - rum; Ve - ni - te, a - do -

dore Him, Oh, come, let us a - dore Him, Oh,  
re - mus, Ve - ni - te, a - do - re - mus, Ve -

come let us a - dore Him, Our God and King.  
ni - te a - do - re - mus, Do rit.

2

Sing, choir of Angels,  
Sing in exultation,  
Sing, all ye citizens of Heaven above;  
Glory to God  
In the highest,  
Oh, come, let us adore him, etc.

3

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,  
Born this happy morning,  
Jesus, to Thee be glory given,  
Word of the Father,  
Now in flesh appearing,  
Oh, come, let us adore Him, etc.

2

*Cantet nunc Io  
Chorus Angelorum  
Cantet nunc aula coelestium  
Gloria in excelsis Deo  
Venite adoremus, etc.*

3

*Ergo qui natus,  
Die hodierna,  
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,  
Patris aeterni  
Verbum caro factum.  
Venite adoremus, etc.*

# 87. The First Noel

Carol

Anonymous

With spirit

*mp*(Solo)

Traditional Melody

Voices

1. The first No - el the An - gel did say, Was to cer - tain poor shep - herds in  
2. They look - ed up and saw a star Shin-ing in - the East, — be -

Piano

fields as they lay; In fields where they lay keep-ing their sheep On a cold win-ter's night that  
yond them far, And to - the earth it gave great light, And so it con-tin-ued both

(Chorus)

*poco rit.*      *a tempo**rit.*

was - so deep. No - el, — No - el, No - el, No - el, Born is the king of Is - ra - el.  
day and night.

*poco rit.*      *a tempo**rit.*

3

And by the light of that same star,  
Three Wisemen came from country far,  
To seek for a King was their intent,  
And to follow the Star wherever it went.

4

This Star drew nigh to the northwest,  
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,  
And there it did both stop and stay,  
Right over the place where Jesus lay.

5

Then entered in those Wisemen three,  
Fell reverently upon their knee,  
And offered there in his presence,  
Their gold, and myrrh, and frank incense.

6

Then let us all with one accord,  
Sing praises to our Heavenly Lord,  
That hath made Heav'n and Earth of nought,  
And with His blood mankind hath bought.

# 88. What Child is This?

Carol

Anonymous

Finis in manuscript

Slowly

Old English Melody

Voices



1.What Child is this who, laid to rest,—On Ma - ry's lap is  
2. So bring Him in - cense, gold and myrrh,Come peas-ant, king — to

Piano



sleep - ing? Whom an-gels greet with an-thems sweet,While shep-herds watch are  
own him; The King of Kings sal - va-tion brings; Let lov - ing hearts en -

keep-ing? This, this is Christ the King,Whom shep-herds guard, and an - gels sing:  
throne Him. Raise, raise the song on high; The Vir - gin sings her lul - la - by:

Haste, haste to bring him laud,—The Babe, the Son of Ma - ry.  
Joy, joy, for Christ is born,—The Babe, the Son of Ma - ry.

poco rit. dim.

mp

poco rit.

dim.

mp

## 89. Happy New Year!

Semons la salade

JOHN IRWIN

French Folk-song

With spirit

**Voices**

1. To all people in the world this day  
1. Se-mons, se-mons la sa - la - - de,

New Year's  
Le jar -

greet - ings we send on their way,  
di - nier est ma - la - - de,

New Year, New Year,  
Se - mons, Se - mons,

Wish you hap - py New Year! Here at home, or liv - ing far a - way.  
Dans huit jours ell' pou - se - ra, Dans trois se-main's on la ver - ra.

2

Sailors sailing in their ships at sea,  
Soldiers all wherever you may be,  
New Year, New Year,  
Wish you happy New Year!  
May your New Year very joyful be!

3

Miners digging underneath the ground,  
Workmen toiling where the wheels turn round,  
New Year, New Year,  
Wish you happy New Year!  
Ev'rybody, all the world around.

2

Coupons, coupons la salade,  
Le jardinier est malade,  
Coupons, coupons,  
Filles et vaillants picards,  
Dans trois semain's il s'ra trop tard.

3

Mangeons, mangeons la salade,  
La jardinière est malade,  
Mangeons, mangeons,  
Et les grands et les petit  
Mangeons à notre appétit.

# 90. St. Valentine's Day

## Le Roi d'Yvetot

95

RICHARD COMPTON

With spirit

French Folk-song

*mp*

Voices     

Piano     

1. A - mong the win - ter's hap - py days Comes  
 1. Il é - tait un roi d'Y - ve - tot Peu

one in Feb - ru - a - ry, When old and young send val - en-tines To  
 con - nu dans l'his - toi - re; Se le - vant tard, se con - chant tôt Dor -

make each oth - er mer - ry; Tra la la la la, Tra la la  
 mant fort bien sans gloi - re, Et cou - ron - né par Jean - ne -

la, Tra la la la la la la la la, Tra la la  
 ton D'un sim-ple bon - net de co - ton, Dit - on. Oh! oh! oh!

*poco rit.*

The image shows a musical score for a vocal piece. The top staff is for a soprano or alto voice, indicated by a treble clef. The lyrics are in French: "la, Tra la la la, Tra la la". The bottom staff is for a bass or tenor voice, indicated by a bass clef. The lyrics are in English: "oh! Ah! ah! ahi! Quel bon petit roi c'e-tait là, la, la". The music consists of eighth-note patterns. The tempo is marked as "poco rit." (poco ritardando) over the final measure of the first staff.

2

Shop windows full of valentines  
Look just like gardens growing,  
With white and red and pink and blue  
And gold and silver glowing.

**Tra la la la, etc.**

2

*Il faisait ses quatre répas  
Dans son palais de chaume,  
Et sur un âne, pas à pas,  
Parcourrait son royaume.  
Joyeux simple et croyant le bien  
Pour toute garde il n'avait rien  
Qu'un chien.  
Oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah!  
Quel bon petit roi c'était là,  
La, la.*

3

*Il n'avait de gout onéreux  
Qu'une soif un peu vive,  
Mais en rendant son peuple heureux  
Il faut bien qu'un roi vive.  
Lui-même, à table et sans suppôt,  
Sur chaque muid levait un pot  
D'impôt.  
Oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah!  
Quel bon petit roi c'était là,  
La, la.*

4

*Il n'aggrandit point ses Etats,  
Fut un voisin commode,  
Et, modèle des potentats,  
Prit le plaisir pour code.  
Ce n'est que lorsqu'il expira  
Que le peuple qui l'enterra  
Pleura.  
Oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah!  
Quel bon petit roi c'était là,  
La, la.*

5

*On conserve encor le portrait  
De ce digne et bon prince;  
C'est l'enseigne d'un cabaret  
Fameux dans la province.  
Les jours de fête, bien souvent,  
La foule s'écrie en buvant  
Devant:  
Oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah!  
Quel bon petit roi c'était là,  
La, la.*

# 91. Evacuation Day

JOHN ERWIN

German Folk-song

With spirit

**Voices**

1. A song of Bos - ton sing to - day, In  
2. A king who lived a - cross the sea Once  
3. To Bos - ton from all na - tions thron The

**Piano**

praise of our great cit - y; So beau - ti - ful up -  
ruled us with his sol - diers; But men of Bos - ton  
peo - ple who love free - dom; O no - ble cit - y,

on her hills, Be - side the blue wide - spread - ing bay.  
drove them out, And made our coun - try ev - er free.  
beau - ti - ful, Our home be - lov - ed, great and strong.

# 92. On Easter Day

JOHN ERWIN

Old Melody

In moderate time

*mp*

**Voices**

1. On East - er Day, as I \_\_\_\_\_ was  
 2. And with the dis - tant church - bells'  
 3. I wish'd the song might last \_\_\_\_\_ for -

**Piano**

*mp*

go - ing Thro' the woods, the winds\_ were blow - ing; Far a -  
 ring - ing Came the sound of chil - dren sing - ing, Sweet as  
 ev - er; Sweet - er mu - sic heard\_ I nev - er; Borne a -

*mf poco rit.*

way\_ the church-bells rang: Ding - dong, cling - clang.  
 an - gels heard a - far: Al - le - lu - ia! \_\_\_\_\_  
 cross\_ the fields a - far: Al - le - lu - ia! \_\_\_\_\_

*poco rit.*

*mf*

# 93. April Vacation

JOHN ERWIN

English Melody

**Fast**

**Voices**      **Piano**

1. Va - ca-tion time has come with the warm spring days,  
2. Our pa-pers and our books we shall put a - way,

Sing with a Holl all to - geth - er! The fields are turn-ing green in the  
Sing with a Holl all to - geth - er! We'll have a jol - ly week full of

poco rit.

sun's warm rays, In the sweet A - pril weath - er.  
fun and play, In the sweet A - pril weath - er.

poco rit.

## 94. Memorial Day

RICHARD COMPTON

Bohemian Folk-song

Slowly

*mf*

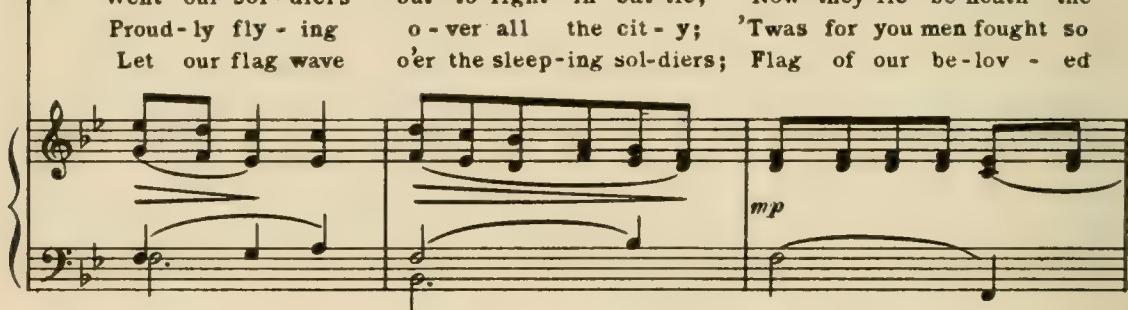
Voices      

1. March - ing proud - ly,      March - ing proud - ly,  
 2. Star - ry ban - ner,      Star - ry ban - ner,  
 3. Ev - er bright - ly,      Ev - er bright - ly,

Piano      

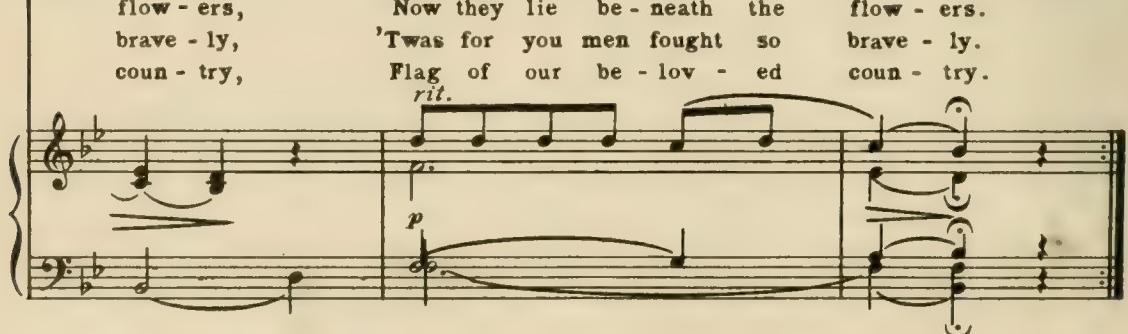
*mp*

Went our sol - diers out to fight in bat - tle; Now they lie be - neath the  
 Proud - ly fly - ing o - ver all the cit - y; 'Twas for you men fought so  
 Let our flag wave o'er the sleep - ing sol - diers; Flag of our be - lov - ed



*p rit.*

flow - ers,      Now they lie be - neath the flow - ers.  
 brave - ly,      'Twas for you men fought so brave - ly.  
 coun - try,      Flag of our be - lov - ed coun - try.  
*rit.*



# 95. Our Country

HOMER H. HARBOUR

Old Song

In march time

**Voices**

1. From ev'-ry land and na - tion A - round this world so  
2. O dear and love-ly coun - try That spreads from sea to

wide, To our great coun-try men have come To work and strive, and  
sea, To you we pledge our hearts to-day, To you we pledge our

make a home, As broth-ers side by side, As broth-ers side by side.  
lives for aye; O na-tion of the free! O na-tion of the free!  
poco rit.

## 96. All through the night

Anonymous

Welsh Air

Slowly

**Voices**

**Piano**

1. Sleep my child, and peace at-tend thee, All thro' the night;  
 2. Moth - er dear is close be-side thee, All thro' the night,

Guard - ian an-gels God will send thee, All thro' the night.  
 Watch - ing that no harm be-tide thee, All thro' the night;

Soft the drow-sy hours are creep-ing, Hill and vale in slum-ber steep-ing,  
 Thro' the o - pen win - dow stream-ing, Moon-light on the floor is gleam-ing,

I my lov-ing watch am keep-ing, All thro' the night.  
 While my ba - by lies a-dream-ing, All thro' the night.

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top staff is for the piano, indicated by a treble clef and bass clef, with dynamics like p (piano) and pp (ppianissimo). The second staff is for the voices, indicated by a treble clef, with dynamics like p and pp. The third staff continues the voices, with dynamics pp. The bottom staff is for the piano, indicated by a bass clef, with dynamics p and pp. The music is in common time, with various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with some lines appearing above the staff and others below. The piano part features sustained notes and chords, providing harmonic support for the vocal parts.

## 97. Slumber Song

JOHN ERWIN

Johannes Brahms

Slowly

**Voices**

**Piano**

1. Hush-a - by, and good - night, In the sky stars are  
 2. Hush-a - by, have no fear; Lit-tle an-gels are

bright, While ros - es in - bloom Fill with fra - grace the  
 near; Their watch they will keep While my ba - by's a -

room. With the morn, if God will, You will wak - en a -  
 sleep; Dream the dark night a - way Till God's sun brings the

gain; With the morn, if God will, You will wak - en a - gain.  
 day; Dream the dark night a - way Till God's sun brings the day.

*poco rit.*

## 98. The Wild Rose

Anonymous

German Folk-song

In moderate time

*mp*

Voices

1. In the wood a boy one day Saw a wild rose  
 2. Said the boy, "I'll pluck thee now, Rose in for - est  
 3. Yet the wild boy pluck'd the rose, In the for - est

Piano

*grow - ing;* There so fresh and bright it lay, He would bear the  
*grow - ing."* Said the rose, "I'll sting, I vow, Make thee think of  
*grow - ing;* From his hand the red blood flows, All his tears, full

*prize a - way In its beau - ty glow - ing. Pret - ty, pret - ty,*  
*me, I trow, When thy tears are flow - ing." Pret - ty, pret - ty,*  
*well he knows, Can - not stay its flow - ing. Pret - ty, pret - ty,*

*poco rit.*

red, red rose In the for - est grow - - ing.  
 red, red rose In the for - est grow - - ing.  
 red, red rose In the for - est grow - - ing.

# 99. The Merry Sportsman

Anonymous

German Folk-song

Fast

**Voices**

1. The sports man hies him through the wood And gladly seeks his  
2. "My lit - tle dog is ev - er near When thro' the leaf - y

home a - gain, With dog and gun, But birds not one! With  
glades I — roam; My heart beats high when he is nigh, My

dog and gun, But birds not one! For no — sport, for  
heart beats high When he is nigh; To guard — me, to

no — sport, No sport he's had since day's — be - gun.  
guard — me, Or guide me on in safe - ty home.

*poco rit.*

*poco rit.*

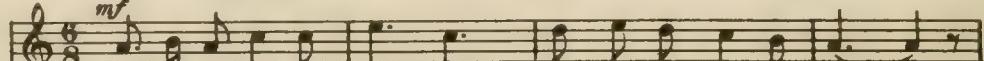
## 100. The Trolley Ride

HOMER H. HARBOUR

French Folk-song

With swinging rhythm

Voices



1. Here is the o - pen trol - ley, Come for a ride with me!—  
2. Boys on the riv - er row - ing, Mo - tor-boats in the bay,—

Piano



Come for a spin so jol - ly, Won - der - ful sights to see,—  
Men in the mead - ows mow - ing, Toss - ing the fra - grant hay,—

Church - es and stores and tow - ers, Gar - dens of love - ly flow'rs,—  
Clouds through the sky are chas - ing, Au - to - mo-biles a - rac - ing

*f poco rit.*

Bridg - es and shin - ing sail - boats, Come for a ride with me!—  
Here is the o - pen trol - ley, Come let us ride a - way!—

*poco rit.*

# 101. Autumn Song

JOHN IRWIN

Slowly

Bohemian Folk-song

Voices



Piano



Some are flam - ing red, And some are with- er'd brown;  
Some the chil - dren feet Send fly - ing as they pass;  
Some are blown for miles By winds that nev - er tire;

Slow they flut - ter thro' the air, And sail - ing, spin-ning,  
Some lie in the gut -ters wide And when it rains, sail  
Some lie thro' long win - ter hours As cov - ers for the

mp



sink-ing to the ground,  
off like fair - y boats  
sleep-ing lit - tle seeds

Lie scat - ter'd ev - 'ry - where:  
A - down the rush-ing tide.  
Be - fore they wake to flowers.

p

*poco rit.*

## 102. A frog he would a-wooing go

Anonymous

English Folk-song

With swinging rhythm

**Voices**

1. A frog he would a - woo - ing go,  
2. So off he set with his op - era hat,

**Piano**

Heigh - ho, says Ro - ley! — A frog he wculd\_ a -  
Heigh - ho, says Ro - ley! — So off he set with his

woo - ing go, — Wheth - er his moth - er would  
op - era hat, And on his way — he

A musical score for two voices and piano. The top system shows lyrics: "let him or no. With a Ro - ley, Po - ley, met with a rat. With a Ro - ley, Po - ley," with dynamics *mf*. The bottom system shows "Gam-mon and Spin - ach, Heigh - ho, Says An - tho - ny Ro - ley." with dynamic *poco rit.*

3

They rode till they came to Mousey Hall,  
Heigh-ho, says Roley.  
They rode till they came to Mousey Hall,  
And there they both did knock and call.  
With a Roley, Poley, etc.

4

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"  
Heigh-ho, says Roley.  
"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"  
"Oh, yes, sir, here I sit and spin!"  
With a Roley, Poley, etc.

5

Then Mrs. Mouse, she did come down,  
Heigh-ho, says Roley.  
Then Mrs. Mouse, she did come down,  
All smartly dressed in a russet gown.  
With a Roley, Poley, etc.

6

She had not been sitting long to spin,  
Heigh-ho, says Roley.  
She had not been sitting long to spin,  
When the cat and the kittens came tumbling in.  
With a Roley, Poley, etc.

7

The cat she seized Master Rat by the crown,  
Heigh-ho, says Roley.  
The cat she seized Master Rat by the crown,  
The kitten she pulled Miss Mousey down.  
With a Roley, Poley, etc.

8

This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright;  
Heigh-ho, says Roley.  
This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright;  
He took up his hat and he wished them "Good-night."  
With a Roley, Poley, etc.

9

And as he was passing over the brook,  
Heigh-ho, says Roley.  
And as he was passing over the brook.  
A lily white duck came and gobbled him up.  
With a Roley, Poley, etc.

10

So there's an end of one, two, three,  
Heigh-ho, says Roley.  
So there's an end of one, two, three,  
The Rat, the Mouse, and the little Froggy.  
With a Roley, Poley, etc.

## 103. A Sailing Song

HOMER H. HARBOUR

With swinging rhythm

German Folk-song

Voices



1. The o - cean winds are blow-ing; The rap - id tide is flow-ing; Come  
2. The waves be fore us curl-ing Are soon be hind us whirl-ing; We

Piano



let us go\_ a - sail - ing\_ A - down the bay\_ so blue! A  
leave a white track foam ing\_ That soon fades out\_ of sight. A



der-ry down do, A der-ry down do, Be - hind us drops the shore: A  
der-ry down do, A der-ry down do, Be - hind us drops the shore; A



der-ry down do, A der-ry down do, The sea springs up\_ be - fore.  
der-ry down do, A der-ry down do, The sea springs up\_ be - fore.  
*poco rit.*



## 104. Bobbie Shaftoe

HOMER H. HARBOUR

English Melody

Moderately fast

*mp*

Voices

1. Bob-bie Shaf-toe's one year old,— Bob-bie's eyes are bright as gold,—  
2. Bob-bie Shaf-toe's black and white; When it's dark his eyes are bright,

And his nose both pink and cold,— Lit - tle Bob - bie Shaf - toe!  
Like two lamps set in the night, Pret - ty Bob - bie Shaf - toe!

*mp*

On the rug he loves to doze; Then he wakes and off he goes,  
Bob-bie's ver - y fond of fun; Round and round he'll frisk and run;

*poco rit.*

Step-ping on his cush-ion toes, Pret - ty Bob - bie Shaf - toe!  
Now I ask you, ev - 'ry - one, What is Bob - bie Shaf - toe?  
*poco rit.*

## 105. Moon Song

HOMER H. HARBOUR

Bohemian Folk-song

In moderate time

Voices 

1. Sil - ver moon sail - ing, Thro' the sky sail - ing, What do you  
 2. Cit - ies and tow - ers, Gar - dens of flow - ers, Turn'd in - to

Piano 

see when you look down be - low? Snow-cov-er'd moun-tains,-  
 sil - ver be - neath your clear light; Ships on the o - cean,-



Pal - a - ces, foun - tains. Sil - ver moon sail - ing, Thro' the sky  
 Wind-mills in mo - tion, — Cit - ies and tow - ers, Gar - dens of



sail - ing, What do you see when you look down be - low?  
 flow - ers, Turn'd in - to sil - ver be - neath your clear light.

poco rit.



# 106. Swing Song

HOMER H. HARBOUR

German Folk-song

With swinging rhythm

*mp*

Voices

1. Oh, swing-ing and swing-ing be-neath our old tree, Oh,  
2. Oh, swing-ing and swing-ing, the leaves dance o'er - head; Oh,

Piano

*mf*

swing-ing and swing-ing is gay sport for me; Then  
swing-ing and swing-ing o'er green grass out - spread; Then

*mf*

swing me high And let me fly As high as can be; Oh,  
up a-gain, And up a-gain As high as can be; Oh,

*poco rit.*

swing-ing and swing-ing is gay sport for me.  
swing-ing and swing-ing is gay sport for me.  
*poco rit.*

## 107. The Meeting of the Waters

THOMAS MOORE

Irish Air

Slowly

*mp*

Voices

Piano

1. There is not in the wide world a val - ley so sweet, As that  
 2. Sweet vale of A - vo - cal how calm could I rest In thy

*mp*

vale in whose bo - som the bright wa-ters meet; Oh, the last rays of \_ feel-ing and  
 bos-om of shade, with the friends I love best; Where the storms that we \_ feel in this

life must de - part, Ere the bloom of that val - ley shall  
 cold world should cease, And our hearts, like thy wa-ters, be

*rit.*

fade from my heart, Ere the bloom of that val-ley shall fade from my heart!  
 min-gled in peace, And our hearts, like thy wa-ters, be min-gled in peace. *rit.*

# 108. Song of the Sea-gull

HOMER H. HARBOUR

Irish Air

Slowly

*mp*

**Voices**

1.All day long o'er the ocean I fly, My  
2.All night long in my rock home I rest; A -

**Piano**

*mp*

white wings beat-ing fast through the sky; I hunt fish - es  
way up on a cliff is my nest; The waves mur - mur,

*poco rit.*

all down the bay, And ride on rock-ing bil - lows in play.  
mur - mur be - low, And winds fresh from the sea o'er me blow.

*poco rit.*

## 109. The Elves' Dance

HOMER H. HARBOUR

Fast

Portuguese Folk-song

Voices

*mf*

1. Oh, as I was out a - walk-ing in the wood one night in  
 2. They were fun-ny lit - tle fel-lows with long beards as white as  
 3. All at once I stepp'd up - on a twig that crack-led where I

Piano

*mf*

June, I came out up - on an o - pen place dim light-ed by the  
 snow, And each wore a scar - let, point-ed cap with tink-ling bells be -  
 stood; Like a flash the troop of ti - ny men slipp'd off in - to the

moon; And with - in the mist - y cir - cle was a troop of lit - tle  
 low; To the mu - sic made by ka - ty - dids and crick - ets in the  
 wood; And as far and far - ther yet they went I heard the mu - sic

men, Danc - ing ring - a - round, and ring - a - round, and ring - a - round a - gain.  
 night They were ca - per - ing and scamp - er - ing and pranc - ing with de - light.  
 fade, Dy - ing air - i - ly and fair - i - ly to si - lence in the glade.

*poco rit.*

# 110. A Song for Sailors and Soldiers <sup>117</sup>

JOHN ERWIN

English Folk-song

With spirit

*mf*

Voices

1. Give three long cheers for sailors on the sea,— Give  
 2. Give three long cheers for soldiers marching by,— Give

*mf*

Piano

three long, loud cheers, loud as loud— can be! — Thro'  
 three long, loud cheers, wave your flags on high! — By—

wind and tide Their ships they guide To guard our shores from dan - ger; Brave  
 day or night They march and fight To save our homes from dan - ger; Brave

*poco rit.*

boys in blue,— we trust our lives to you.—  
 boys in brown,— who guard old Bos - ton town.—

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top staff is for 'Voices' in treble clef, 6/8 time, and G major. It includes lyrics for two stanzas. The second stanza begins with 'three long, loud cheers,' followed by a melodic line with eighth-note patterns. The third staff is for 'Piano' in bass clef, 6/8 time, and G major, providing harmonic support. The bottom staff continues the piano part. The fourth staff is also for piano, showing a continuation of the harmonic progression. The music concludes with a 'poco rit.' (poco ritardo) instruction.

# 111. My Garden of Flowers

HOMER H. HARBOUR

English Folk-song

In moderate time

Voices      *mp*

1. My gar-den I did plant      In the first warm days of—  
2. In A-pril daf-fo-dils      O-pend' wide their yel-low

spring - time, I tend-ed and wa-ter'd and weed-ed it so well, While the flow - ers, While snow-drops and vio - lets, and dan-de-li-ons too, Blos-soms

*poco rit.*

blue-birds a-bove did sing,      While the blue-birds a-bove did sing.  
bright'nearth the sun and show'rs,      Blos-som'd bright'nearth the sun and show'rs.

*poco rit.*

3

In May the tulips blazed  
Golden yellow, white and crimson;  
And lilacs their clusters of lavender hung out,  
With their perfume of rare delight,  
With their perfume of rare delight.

4

But June the fairest flow'r  
Of the summer sent to greet me,  
For then in my garden the red, red roses bloomed,  
The red rose that is queen of all,  
The red rose that is queen of all.

# 112. Sunset in the City

RICHARD COMPTON

English Folk-song

In moderate time

*mp*

**Voices**

1. The sun in the sky sink-ing down to his rest Is  
 2. The cross-es of church-es a - loft in the sky Are  
 3. And now he has tak - en his last gleam a - way To

**Piano**

*mp*

bid-ding the cit - y good - night; ————— He looks from his win - dow of  
 glit - ter - ing bright in his rays, ————— On win - dows in tow - ers and  
 coun - tries and cit - i es a - far; ————— But o - ver the steep - le where

*mf*

clouds in the west, And floods all the hous - es with light, with light,  
 of - fi - ces high, He shines till they seem all a - blaze, a - blaze,  
 shone his last ray, There hangs in the sky a bright star, a star, —

*poco rit.*

— And floods all the hous - es with light.  
 — He shines till they seem all a - blaze.  
 — There hangs in the sky a bright star.

*poco rit.*

The musical score consists of six staves of music. The top two staves are for 'Voices' in treble clef, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of common time (indicated by '4'). The third staff is for 'Piano' in treble clef, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of common time (indicated by '4'). The bottom two staves are for 'Piano' in bass clef, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of common time (indicated by '4'). The sixth staff is for 'Piano' in bass clef, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of common time (indicated by '4'). The music includes lyrics for the 'Voices' part, with three stanzas provided. The piano parts provide harmonic support, with the treble clef piano parts featuring melodic lines and the bass clef piano parts providing harmonic bass lines. Dynamics such as 'mp' (mezzo-forte), 'mf' (mezzo-forte), and 'poco rit.' (poco ritardando) are used throughout the piece.

# 113. Morning

## Tremp' ton pain, Marie

Anonymous

French Folk-song

With swinging rhythm

**Voices**

With swinging rhythm

1. Eat your bread, Ma - ry, Eat your bread, Ma - ry,  
 2. Take your spell - ing book, Take your spell - ing book,  
*Tremp' ton pain, Ma - rie,* *Tremp' ton pain, Ma - rie,*

**Piano**

Eat your bread and but - ter; Drink your milk, Ma - ry,  
 Take your pen and pen - cil; Take your read - ing book,  
*Tremp' ton pain dans la sau - ce,* *Tremp' ton pain, Ma - rie,*

Drink your milk, Ma - ry, Now your break - fast is done.  
 Take your read - ing book, Now go hur - ry - ing fast!  
*Tremp' ton pain, Ma - rie,* *Tremp' ton pain dans le vin.*

Don't be wait - ing here, — School-time's get - ting  
 Don't you stop to play, — Keep right on your  
*Nous i - rous di - man - che A la mai - son*

near; — You'll be late, Ma - ry, If you wait, Ma - ry,  
 way! — Down the street she goes, Up the steps she goes,  
 blan - che, Toi - z'en Nan - kin, Moi - s'en ba - zin, Tous

Take your books and run! —  
 Safe in school at last. —  
 deux en es - car - - pins. —

## 122 114. The harp that once thro' Tara's Halls

THOMAS MOORE

Slowly

Irish Air

Voices

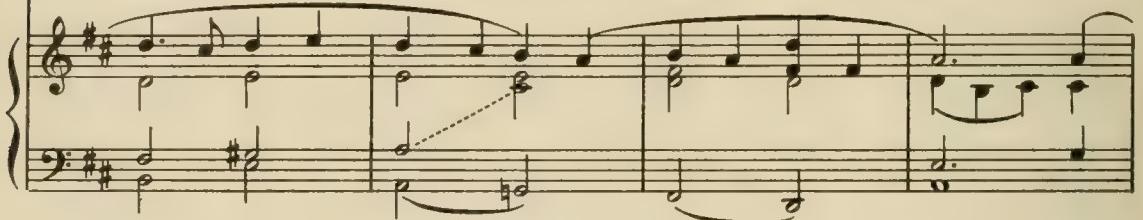


1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu-sic shed, Now  
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells; The

Piano



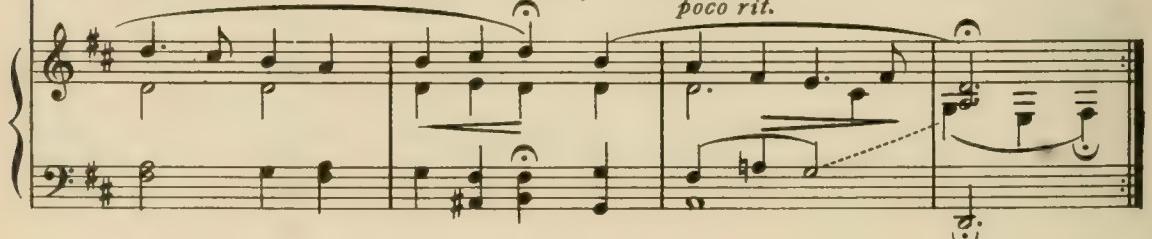
hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled. So  
chord a lone that breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells. Thus



sleeps the pride of for-mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er; And  
Free - dom now so sel-dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives Is



poco rit.  
hearts that once beat high for praise Now feel that pulse no more.  
when some heart in - dig-nant breaks, To show that still she lives.



# 115. Caterpillar! Caterpillar!

HOMER H. HARBOUR

Russian Folk-song

Fast

*mp*

Voices

1. Cat - er-pil-lar! Cat - er-pil-lar! You are such a pret-ty sight.  
 2. Cat - er-pil-lar! Cat - er-pil-lar! Keep a-way from phoe-be birds;  
 3. Cat - er-pil-lar! Cat - er-pil-lar! Creep a-way and hide you soon;

Piano

*mp*

Cat - er-pil-lar! Cat - er-pil-lar! Blue and yel-low, black and white.  
 Cat - er-pil-lar! Cat - er-pil-lar! Keep a-way from this-tle birds!  
 Cat - er-pil-lar! Cat - er-pil-lar! Spin your-self a gay co-coon.

Take care what you do, Rob - ins are a - hunt-ing you;  
 Look out what you do, Swal-lows are a - hunt-ing you;  
 Dark and si - lent lie, Till you are a but - ter - fly;

*mf*

*poco rit.*

Take care what you do, Spar - rows are a - chas - ing you!  
 Look out what you do, Finch - es are a - chas - ing you!  
 Dark and si - silent lie, Till you are a but - ter - fly.

## 116. Loch Lomond

Anonymous

Scotch Melody

Slowly

**Voices**

1. By yon bon - nie banks\_ and yon bon - nie braes, Where the  
 2. I mind where we part - ed in yon shad - y glen, On the  
 3. The wee bird - ies sing and the wild flow - ers spring; And in

**Piano**

sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mond; Oh, we two have pass'd so  
 steep,steep side of Ben Lo - mond,Where in pur - ple hue the  
 sun-shine the wa - ters are sleep - ing, But the brok - en heart it

poco rit.

ma - ny blithe-some days, On the bon - nie, bon-nie,banks of Loch Lo - mond.  
 High-land hills we view, And the morn shines out from the gloam - ing. Oh,  
 seeks no sec - ond spring,And the world does not know how we are greet - ing.  
 poco rit.

*a tempo*

you'll take the high road, and I'll take the low road. And

*a tempo*

I'll be in Scot-land be - fore you; But I and my true love will

*poco rit.*

nev-er meet a-gain, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo - mond.

*poco rit.*

# 117. A Song of Ships

HOMER H. HARBOUR

English Melody

With swinging rhythm

**Voices**

1. The ships sail the o - cean, The o - cean, the o - cean, Sail  
2. With grain-ships and fruit-ships Are coal-ships and oil - ships, And

east - ward and west - ward, And north and south a - way.  
white wing - ed schoon - ers That fly be - fore the breeze.

Great smok - y steam - ers, And tug - boats with barg - es,  
Some car - ry su - gar, And some car - ry spic - es;

Sail o'er the ocean By night and by day. From  
Some carry soldiers To fight over seas.

England, from Ireland, From Denmark, from Norway,  
England, to Ireland, To Denmark, to Norway.

*poco rit.*

Ships sail to Boston From lands far away.  
Ships sail from Boston to lands over seas.

*poco rit.*

## 118. The Lorelei

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

FRIEDRICH SILCHER

Slowly

*mp*

Voices

1. I knew not what means the sad feel - ing That  
 2. From yon - der peak there gaz - es A  
 3. The fish - er-man dream - i - ly glid - ing Is

*mp*

Piano

swells with - in my breast; An  
 maid en sweet and fair; Her  
 caught by the lure of love; He

an - cient leg - end ap - peal - ing Dis -  
 jew - el'd rai - ment blaz - es; She  
 sees not the sharp rocks hid - ing, He

turbs' and gives me no rest. The  
 combs her gold-en hair; She  
 sees but the heights far a - bove. The

air is cool; day is end - ed, And  
 combs with a comb bright and gold - en And  
 boat by the bil - lows is brok - en And the

calm - ly flows the Rhine; The moun-tain tops ris - ing  
 sings a thrill - ing lay A song that is wild - and  
 gal - lant boat-man is drown'd, And his is the Witch-maid-en's

rit.

splen - did In twi - light glo - ry shine. —  
 old - en To charm a man's heart a - way. —  
 to - ken When her songs at eve - ning sound . —

## 119. The Country Farmer's Son

Anonymous

In march time

English Folk-song

Voices



1. I would not be a— mon-arch great, With crown up-on my head, And  
2. I would not be a— mer-chant rich, And eat off sil-ver plate, And

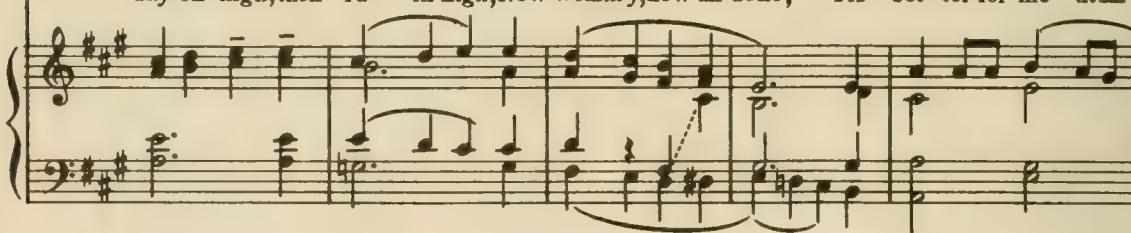
Piano



earls to wait up - on my state, In— splen-did robes of red. For  
ev - er dread, when laid a - bed, Some sud - den turn of fate: One



he must bear full ma - ny a care, His toil is nev - er done; 'Tis bet - ter I trow be -  
day on high, then ru - in nigh, Now wealth - y, now un - done; 'Tis bet - ter for me at -



poco rit.  
hind the plow, 'Tis bet - ter I trow be - hind the plow, A coun - try farm - er's son.  
ease to be, 'Tis bet - ter for me at ease to be A coun - try farm - er's son.

poco rit.



## 120. The Sleigh-Ride

HOMER H. HARBOUR

Canadian Folk-song

Briskly

*mf*

Voices

1. Ting-a-ling-a - ling go the sleigh-bells sweet, Ting-a-ling-a -  
 2. Ting-a-ling-a - ling as we glide a - long, Ting-a-ling-a -  
 3. Ting-a-ling-a - ling by the fro - zen lake, Ting-a-ling-a -

Piano

*mf*

ling in the snow - y street; Here comes a sleigh to take us  
 ling is the sleigh-bells' song; See how the hors - es pull to -  
 ling what a noise we make! All af - ter - noon our bells are

*mf*

rid - ing, Mer-ri - ly a - long on its run-ners glid - ing; Stops for a  
 geth - er, Gal-lop-ing a - long in the frost - y weath - er; Trot! go the  
 tink-ling, With a mer - ry tune till the stars are twink-ling; Back to the

*mf*

mo - ment in the snow, Tum -ble - um -ble in, and then a - way we go!  
 hoofs with cheer - y sound, Clat -ter, clat -ter, clat -ter, o'er the fro - zen ground.  
 cit - y turn we fast; Ting-a-ling-a - ling, and now we're home at last!

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top staff is for 'Voices' in soprano range, indicated by a treble clef. The second staff is for 'Piano'. The third and fourth staves are also for 'Piano'. The music is in common time, with a key signature of two flats. The vocal part begins with a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes followed by quarter notes. The piano accompaniment features sustained chords and eighth-note patterns. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line, with some words appearing below the staff. The score includes dynamic markings such as 'mf' (mezzo-forte) and 'f' (forte). The overall style is folk-like and brisk.

## 121. The Light-house

JOHN ERWIN

English Folk-song

In moderate time

*mp*

Voices

Piano

1. There stands on an is - land all rock - y and bare A  
 2. When twi - light has come at the close of the day, And  
 3. When - ev - er they see that light burn-ing a - far, Bright

*mp*

slen - der white tow - er built high in the air; On the  
 all the blue o - cean is turn - ing to gray, At the  
 spark-ling a - cross the dark waves like a star; Then they

rocks all a - round it where white surg - es foam, The wild -  
 top of this tow - er there shines a great light To send -  
 know well where dan-ger - ous rocks lie be - low, And all -

*poco rit.*

sea - birds by thou - sands have found them a home.  
 warn - ing to sail - ors who jour - ney by night.  
 safe - on their way o'er the o - cean they go.

# 122. On a Summer Day

## En passant par la Lorraine

133

HOMER H. HARBOUR

With spirit

French Folk-song

**Voices**

*mf*

1. Oh, as I went down to Dover, On a sum-mer day; — Oh, as I went down to  
*1. En pas-sant par la Lor-rai-ne, A-vec mes sa-bots, — En pas-sant par la Lor-*

**Piano**

*mf*

Dover, On a sum-mer day; — All the air was sweet with clo-ver, Where the  
*rai-ne A-vec mes sa-bots, — Ren-con-trai trois ca-pi-tai-nes, A-vec*

*f poco rit.*

farm-er boys were mow-ing in the hay, — On a sum-mer day.  
*mes sa-bots don-dai-ne, oh! oh! oh! — A-vec mes sa-bots.*  
*poco rit.*

2

||: All the air was sweet with clover,  
 On a summer day; :||  
 And the sky was blue all over,  
 Not a single cloud was sailing,  
 Far away, on a summer day.

3

||: Oh, the sky was blue all over,  
 On a summer day; :||  
 And at last I came to Dover  
 Where the merry bells were ringing  
 Blithe and gay, on a summer day.

2

||: Ils m'ont appellée vilaine,  
 Avec mes sabots, :||  
 Je ne suis pas si vilaine  
 Avec mes sabots dondaine,  
 Oh! oh! oh! Avec mes sabots!

3

||: Car le prince de Lorraine,  
 Avec mes sabots, :||  
 M'a donné pour mes étrennes  
 Avec mes sabots dondaine,  
 Oh! oh! oh! Avec mes sabots!

4

||: Un bouquet de marjolaine,  
 Avec mes sabots, :||  
 S'il m'épous' je serai Reine  
 Avec mes sabots dondaine,  
 Oh! oh! oh! Avec mes sabots!

## 123. Shining Wires

HOMER H. HARBOUR

German Folk-song

Slowly

*mp*

Voices

1.Sil - ver wires, high a - bove us, Stretch-ing so  
2.Voic - es run swift as light - ning O - ver the

Piano

*mp*

far a - way, Are the roads where our voic - es  
miles of wire, Far a - cross plain and moun - tain,

Jour - ney by night and day, Wher - ev - er we may  
Rac-ing with feet of fire To take our friends a

*poco rit.*

send them, Trav - el - ling on their way.  
mes - sage O - ver the sil - ver wire.  
*poco rit.*

# 124. Home, Sweet Home

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

HENRY BISHOP

In moderate time

**Voices**

1. Mid-pleasures and pal-a-ces though we may  
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the dear  
3. An exile from home, splen-dor daz-zles in

**Piano**

roam, Be it ev-er so hum-ble, there's no place like  
wild, And feel that my moth-er now thinks of her  
vain; Oh, give me my low-ly thatch'd cot-tage a-

home. A charm from the skies seems to  
child, As she looks on that moon from our  
gain; The birds sing-ing gai-ly, that

*mf*

hal - low us there, Which seek — thro' the  
own cot - tage door, Thro' the wood - bine whose  
came at my call, Give me them, — and that

*poco rit.*

world, is ne'er met — with else - where.  
fra - grance shall cheer — me no more.  
peace of mind, dear — er than all.

*poco rit.*

*mf a tempo*

Home, — home, — sweet, sweet, home; { Be it  
a tempo  
There's There's

*mf*

*rit.*

ever so humble, There's no place like home.  
no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.  
no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.

*rit.*

# 125. Auld Lang Syne

ROBERT BURNS

Scotch Air

Slowly

*mp***Piano***mp*

mind? Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And days of auld lang  
thine; We'll take a cup of kind-ness yet, For auld lang  
*poco rit.*

syne? For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang  
syne.

*a tempo**mf*

syne, We'll take a cup of kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

*rit.**f*

## 126. My Old Kentucky Home

Words adapted from  
STEPHEN FOSTER

STEPHEN FOSTER

In moderate time

*Voices*      *Piano*

1. The sun shines bright in my old Ken-tuck - y home, 'Tis  
 2. They hunt no more for the pos - sum and the coon, On the

sum-mer, the fields are gay; The corn-top's ripe and the  
 mead-ow, the hill, and the shore; They sing no more by the

mead-ow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the day. The  
 glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab - in door. The

young folks roll on the lit - tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, and hap-py and  
 day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-

*mp*

bright; By'm - bye hard times come a - knock-ing at the door, Then my  
light; The time has come when faith-ful friends must part, Then my

*poco rit.*

*pa tempo*

old Ken-tuck - y home, good - night! Weep no more my  
*poco rit.* *a tempo*

*mp*

*mf*

la - dy,— Oh, weep no more to - day; We will sing one song for the

*rit.*

old Ken-tuck - y home, For the old Ken-tuck - y home far - a - way.  
*rit.*

## 127. Morning Song

Anonymous

English Folk-song

Slowly

**Voices**      *mp*

Thou, true God a - lone, Who dost reign a - bove\_ us,—

**Piano**      *mp*

Hear this morn - ing prayer Which be - gins our day.

Thou, up - on Thy throne, Thou dost ev - er love\_ us,

We are in Thy care;— Bless us, we pray.

# 128. In Heavenly Love Abiding

ANNA L. WARING

HANS LEO von HASSLER

With dignity

**Voices**

1. In Heav'n-ly Love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;  
And safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang-es here.

The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be  
laid, But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?

2

Wherever He may guide me,  
No want shall turn me back;  
My Shepherd is beside me,  
And nothing can I lack.  
His wisdom ever waketh,  
His sight is never dim,  
He knows the way He taketh,  
And I will walk with Him.

3

Green pastures are before me,  
Which yet I have not seen;  
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,  
Where darkest clouds have been.  
My hope I cannot measure,  
My path to life is free,  
My Savior has my treasure,  
And He will walk with me.

# 129. Good King Wenceslas

Anonymous

Traditional Melody

With spirit

**Voices**

*mf*

Chorus 1. Good King Wen - ces - - las look'd out  
Solo (King) 2. "Hith - er, page, and stand by me,

**Piano**

*mf*

On the feast of Ste - phen, Where the snow lay  
If thou know'st it tell - ing, Yon - der peas - ant,

round a - bout, Deep and crisp and e - ven;  
who is he, Where and what his dwell - ing?"

Bright-ly shone the moon that night, Though the frost was  
Solo (*Page*) "Sire, he lives a good league hence, Un - der - neath the

cru - el, When a poor man came in sight,  
moun - tain, Right a - gainst the for - est fence,

*poco rit.*

Gath - 'ring win - ter fu - - - el.  
By Saint Ag - nes' foun - - - tain!"

3

4

Solo (*King*): "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, Solo (*Page*): "Sire, the night is darker now,  
Bring me pine logs hither; And the wind blows stronger;  
Thou and I will see him dine, Fails my heart, I know not how,  
When we bear them thither." I can go no longer."

Chorus: Page and Monarch forth they went, Solo (*King*): "Mark my footsteps, my good page,  
Forth they went together; Tread thou in them boldly;  
Through the rude wind's wild lament, Thou shalt find the winter's rage  
And the bitter weather. Freeze thy blood less coldly."

5

Chorus: In his master's steps he trod,  
Where the snow lay dinted;  
Heat was in the very sod  
Which the saint has printed.  
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,  
Wealth or rank possessing,  
Ye who now will bless the poor,  
Shall yourselves find blessing.

## 144 130. Bring a Torch, Jeannette, Isabella

Carol

E. CUTHBERT NUNN

In moderate time

Old French Carol

Voices      *mf*

Piano      *mf*

1. Bring a torch, Jean-nette, Is-a-bel-lal! Bring a torch, to the  
 2. It is wrong when the Child is sleep-ing, It is wrong— to  
 3. Soft-ly to the lit-tle sta-ble, Soft-ly for—a

*mp*

cra-dle run! It is Je-sus, good folk of the vil-lage; Christ is  
 talk so loud; Si-lence, all, as you gath-er a-round, Lest your  
 mo-ment come; Look and see how charm-ing is Je-sus, How he is

*pp*

born and Ma-ry's call-ing: Ah! ahl beau-ti-ful is the  
 noise should wak-en Je-sus: Hush! hush! see— how fast he  
 white, His cheeks are ro-sy! Hush! hush! see how the Child is

*p*

*pp*

moth-er! Ah! ahl beau-ti-ful is her Son!—  
 slum-bers; Hush! hush! see— how fast He sleeps!—  
 sleep-ing; Hush! hush! see how He smiles in dreams.—

*rit.*

*pp*

*p*

*pp*

# 131. Hark! the Summons

145

Traditional Words

Old Welsh Melody

With spirit

**Voices**

1. Hark! the sum-mons, come my fel - lows,  
2. Toil and trou-ble lie be-hind us, Fa la la la la la la la.  
3. Quick, join hands, and foot it neat - ly,

**Piano**

Crown your hats with hol - ly—ber - ry,  
Think no more of chanc-es—drear-y, Fa la la la la la la la.  
In the dance we ne'er can wear - y,

**Piano**

Hark! the peal-ing bells that tell us,  
While the well-known strains re-mind us, Fa la la la la la la la.  
To the harp that sounds so sweet-ly,

**Piano**

'Tis the eve of New Year mer - ry,  
'Tis the eve of New Year mer - ry, Fa la la la la la la la.  
On the eve of New Year mer - ry,

**Piano**

## 132. New Year's Day

HOMER H. HARBOUR

French Folk-song

Moderately fast

Voices

1. When winter winds are blow-ing, And nights are long and cold;  
2. What will the New Year bring us, Be-fore he too is dead;  
3. The New Year will bring sun-shine, The New Year will bring rain;

cold;— The bells ring in the New Year, The bells ring out the dead;— The New Year will bring showers, And dew and roses rain;— And orchards white with blossoms, And fields of golden cold;

Old.— Welcome, Happy New Year, Born in winter cold!  
red;— Peach-es, plums and cher-ries, Sing-ing birds o'er-head.—  
grain.— Last of all his pres-ents, Christ-mas bells a-gain.—

## 133. Valentines

HOMER H. HARBOUR

Old English Melody

In moderate time

*mp*

Voices

1. In the dark of the winter when cold winds do  
2. There are hearts, and gay ribbons and birds on the

Piano

*mp*

blow, Saint Val-en-tine's Day comes like flower's in the  
wing, Gilt, lace, and red roses, with ev'-ry fine

snow; Bring-ing thoughts of our dear ones whose love we re-  
thing; But the love in our hearts send-ing gifts on their

*mf*

poco rit.

new, By send-ing them greet-ings of friend-ship still true.  
way, Is best of all bless-ings on Val-en-tine's Day.  
poco rit.

## 134. Washington's Birthday

HOMER H. HARBOUR

French Folk-song

With dignity

Voices      *m*

Piano

1. For the birth-day of a sol-dier all the bells are rung this  
 2. He was lead-er of our ar-mies when they beat the foe at

*f*

day; For the birth-day of a states-man all the streets with flags are gay; He was  
 last; He was fore-most in the na-tion when the bit-ter war was past; For the

*poco rit.*

wan-der'd, cold and bare-foot, in the cru-el win-ter snow.  
 Fa-ther of our coun-try, Who was no-ble, great and strong.

*poco rit.*

# 135. For Patriots' Day

JOHN ERWIN

Dutch Folk-song

In march time

*mf*

**Voices**

1. In Con-cord and in Lex-ing-ton The bells rang out one night, "Be-  
2. In Con-cord and in Lex-ing-ton Be - fore the sun did rise, The  
3. In Con-cord and in Lex-ing-ton Be - fore the sun had set, They

**Piano**

ware the red-coats! On they come, March-ing a-long with a muf-fled drum!" In  
Min-ute-men stood firm and strong, Wait-ing the foe as he rode a-long, In  
chasd the sol-diers of the crown Back o'er the road in-to Bos-ton town, In

*poco rit.*

Con-cord and in Lex - ing-ton The bells rang out one night.  
Con-cord and in Lex - ing-ton Be - fore the sun did rise.  
Con-cord and in Lex - ing-ton Be - fore the sun had set.

*poco rit.*

## 136. In Memoriam

HOMER H. HARBOUR

Bohemian Folk-song

Slowly

*mp*

Voices

1. Flow'rs from the shad - y green - wood dell,  
 2. Bear thro' the street with hon - or due,  
 3. Pass not a sin - gle sol - dier's grave;

Piano

Flow'r's from the sun - ny hill-side swell— Scat - ter where lie sleep - ing  
 Torn bat - tle flags that once were new;— Set the col - ors fly - ing  
 Think of the no - ble gift they gave;— Death's grim ter - ror dar - ing,

*poco rit.*

Their last vig - il keep-ing, Sol - diers who loved their coun - try well.  
 O'er each sol - dier ly - ing, Sol - diers who were so brave and true.  
 Their heart's blood not spar-ing, Sol - diers who died this land to save.  
*poco rit.*

# 137. Columbus Day

JOHN ERWIN

Italian Melody

With swinging rhythm

*mp*

Voices

1. O - ver the o - cean Co - lum-bus came, With three lit - tle ships a -  
2. Sing in his hon - or a song to-day, The ad - mi - ral bold and

Piano

*mf*

sail - ing; — A - way from a town on the coast of Spain, With cour-age and hope un -  
dar - ing — Who, day af - ter day with no sight of land, Thro' per - ilous seas came

*mf*

fail - ing. — To seek a dis - tant gold - en shore He dared the seas un -  
far - ing. — This might - y wes - tern land he found, And proved to men the

*poco rit.*

known be - fore; And ev - er he pi - lot - ed west - ward Three lit - tle ships a - sail - ing. —  
world is round. All hon - or to gal - lant Co - lum - bus, Ad - mir - al bold and dar - ing. —  
*poco rit.*

# 138. Thanksgiving Day

HOMER H. HARBOUR

With spirit

French Folk-song

**Voices**

1. Oh, Thanks-giv-ing morn-ing is a time of  
2. In the af-ter-noon it's time at last to  
3. On Thanks-giv-ing night, when dark the shad-ows

**Piano**

glee, With our kit - chen bus - y as a place can  
eat Of a din - ner splen - did as a king might  
fall, A great fire is light - ed in the fire - place

be; When the mince - pies are a - bak - ing, And the  
greet; There's a tur - key full of spic - es, There are  
tall; When the ap - ples are a - roast - ing, And the

pud - dings are a - mak - ing; That's the time for me.  
pud - dings, there are i - ces, Cake and can - dies sweet.  
chest - nuts are a - toast - ing, That is best of all.

*f poco rit.*

## 139. Christmas Eve

CORDELIA BROOKS FENNO

In moderate time

English Folk-song

*mp*

Voices

1. On the ground the snow-flakes glis - ten, This is the  
 2. In the sky the stars are gleam - ing, Stars of a

Piano

*mp*

Eve of Christ - mas; Bells are chim-ing as we lis - ten,  
 hap - py Yule - tide; See how bright their rays are beam - ing,

*mf*

This is the Eve of Christ - mas; The i - ci-cles hang a -  
 Light of a hap - py Yule - tide. So hang up your stock-ings,

*rit.*

bove our heads, And this is the Eve of Christ - mas.  
 great and small, For this is the Eve of Yule - tide.

*rit.*

## 140. Christmas Day

RICHARD COMPTON

German Folk-song

Briskly

*mf*

Voices

1. Oh, Christ-mas is com - ing, oh, Christ-mas is near, The  
 2. The night be-fore Christ-mas is won - der-ful fun, Tho'

Piano

*mf*

day we love best of all days in the year; And good San-ta Claus must be  
 of - ten it seems it will nev - er be done. We sleep not a mo-ment, tho'

*f poco rit.*

now on his way, With pres - ents for chil - dren heap'd high on his sleigh.  
 hard we may try And with the first dawn "Mer - ry Christ-mas!" we cry.

*poco rit.*

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440	Three Voices	Johannes Brahms	.12
442	Pan's Holiday	Frank Bridge	.15
475	The Stream Daughters ("King Arthur")	Henry Purcell	.15
484	Ave verum (L. & E.)	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart	.12
487	Sound the trumpet!	Henry Purcell	.15
496	Bring a torch, Jeannette, Isabella	Old French Carol	.12
498	The Guardian Angel	César Franck	.15
824	I go before, my charme!	Thomas Morley	.15
860	Ave verum (L. & E.) Organ	Gabriel Fauré	.16
1004	Cock-a-doo-dle-doo (Arr. K. K. D.)	English Air	.16
1005	Comfort, O Lord, the soul of Thy servant (Organ)	William Crotch	.12
1006	Salve Regina (L.) Organ	Claudio Monteverdi	.16
1010	The Beautiful Blue Danube	Johann Strauss	.25
1012	Triumph! Thanksgiving (Organ)	Sergei Rachmaninoff	.15
1013	Lord, for Thy tender mercies' sake (Organ or Piano)	Richard Farrant	.12
1019	Rantin', rovin' Robin	Scotch Folk-song	.16
1021	Jon, come kisse me, now!	Old English Tune	.15
1027	Christians, hark!	Bressan Carol	.16
1028	Noël of the Shepherds; God Who watchest o'er us	French Christmas Carols	.20
1029	Angels o'er the fields were flying (F. & E.) Po. or Org.	Old French Carol	.16
1035	Country Dance; The Lark in the Morn; The Keeper	Set I: Folk-Songs & Ballads	.15
1037	The Coventry Carol (Arr. K. K. D.)	Old English Carol	.12
1038	Angels, ever bright and fair ("Theodora")	Georg Friedrich Händel	.15
1039	O lovely Peace ("Judas Maccabeus")	Georg Friedrich Händel	.16
1044	Throned high in heaven ("Passion")	Georg Friedrich Händel	.15
1055	Three Love Songs (G. & E.) Po. 4-h'd. ac'p't.	Johannes Brahms	.18
1063	Little Shepherd Boy	Katherine K. Davis	.15
1077	Up, up! my heart, with gladness (G. & E.)	Johann Sebastian Bach	.15
1087	Good King Wenceslas; The First Noel (Descants)	French Carols	.16
1092	All hail, bright Spring! (F. & E.)	Gabriel Pierné	.18
1093	Wi' a hundred pipers (Descant)	Scottish Air	.15
1094	Arkansaw Traveler (Arr. R.D.) Po. 4-h'd. ac'p't. (Desc.)	American Folk-song	.18
1201	Tantum ergo (L. & E.) Organ	José Maria Beobide	.15
1514	The Foggy Dew (Soprano Solo) Arr. A. T. D.	Irish Folk-song	.15
1526	Fac ut ardeat ("Stabat Mater") L.	Giovanni Pergolesi	.18
1527	Quando corpus ("Stabat Mater") L.	Giovanni Pergolesi	.15
1528	Thou, to great Latona given ("Iphigenia in Tauris")	Christoph Willibald Gluck	.12
1529	Over the billows, over the mountains (G. & E.)	Johannes Brahms	.20
1530	True lover's heart (G. & E.)	Johannes Brahms	.15
1531	Beware! (G. & E.)	Johannes Brahms	.16
1532	The Birdling (G. & E.)	Antonín Dvořák	.16
1533	At the Cradle (F. & E.)	César Franck	.16
1534	Chorus of Girls from "The Mikado" (Act I)	Arthur Seymour Sullivan	.18
1535	Gossip Joan (Arr. K. K. D.)	English Folk-song	.12
1546	"The Green Hill" Jr. Choir & Duet Book (35 Anthems)	Comp. by K. K. Davis	1.00
1583	The Baboon's Wedding (Arr. R. D.)	American Folk-song	.15
1584	The thoughts are free (Arr. R. D.) Po. 4-h'd. ac'p't.	German Folk-song	.15
1587	The Winter Wind (Arr. R. D.) Po. 4-h'd. ac'p't.	Scotch Folk-song	.16
1588	The Leather Bottel (Arr. R. D.) Po. 4-h'd. ac'p't.	English Folk-song	.18
1597	Welcome as the cheerful light ("Jeptha") Soprano Solo	Georg Friedrich Händel	.18

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# TWO-PART CHORAL SONGS

## Secular and Sacred GROUP II

1547 All glory, laud, and honor (Descant) K.K.D.	Teschner-Bach	.15
1550 Awake, thou wintry earth (Harm. K.K.D.)	17th century Dutch Carol	.12
1557 God is a Spirit (Arr. K.K.D.)	Alexander Kopylov	.15
1558 God our Father, Lord of Heaven (Arr. K.K.D.)	José Maria Beobide	.12
1559 Herr Thou my prayer, O Lord (Arr. K.K.D.)	Jacques Arcadelt	.12
1562 If with all your hearts (K.K.D.)	F.Mendelssohn-Bartholdy	.15
1565 Lo, a voice to heaven sounding ('Cherubim-Song) K.K.D.	Dimitri S. Bortniansky	.12
1567 Now all the woods are sleeping (K.K.D.)	'saak-Bach	.12
1569 O God, Thy goodness reacheth far (Prayer) Arr. K.K.D.	Ludwig van Beethoven	.12
1570 O Jesu, so sweet (Arr. K.K.D.)	Johann Seb. Bach	.12
1571 O Lord, most merciful (Panis angelicus) K.K.D.	César Franck	.12
1572 Praise to the Lord, the Almighty (Descant) Harm. K.K.D.	Melody - 'Praxis Pietatis'	.15
1573 Praise we our God (Descant) Harm. K.K.D.	Melchior Vulpius	.12
1574 Sing we Noel (Descant) Harm. K.K.D.	16th century French Carol	.15
1576 Teach me, O Lord (Arr. K.K.D.)	Thomas Attwood	.12
1577 To God on high be thanks and praise (Arr. K.K.D.)	Nicolaus Decius	.12
1579 We gather together (Descant) Harm. K.K.D.	Netherlands Folk-song	.12
1581 Ye watchers and ye holy ones (Descant) Harm. K.K.D.	17th century German	.15
1765 Long hast thou stood, O Church (Descant) K.K.D.	Ludvig Lindeman	.15
1800 A-hunting we will go (Descant) G. Shaw	English	.15
1801 John Peel (Descant) G. Shaw	English	.12
1802 All through the night (Descant)	Welsh	.15
1803 The British Grenadiers (Descant)	Old English	.15
1804 The Ash Grove (Descant)	Welsh	.15
1805 The Golden Vanity (Descant) G. Shaw	English	.18
1806 There's nae luck about the house (Descant) G. Shaw	Scottish	.18
1807 Drink to me only with thine eyes (Descant) G. Shaw	English	.15
1808 The bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond (Descant) H. Chambers	Scottish	.15
1809 March of the Men of Harlech (Descant) H. Chambers	Welsh	.15
1810 Weel may the keel row (Descant) H. Chambers	English (Northumbrian)	.15
1819 Let all things now living (Descant) Harm. K.K.D.	Trad. English Melody	.15
1829 The Spacious Firmament (Descant) K.K.D.	Franz Josef Haydn	.15
1833 Sand-man's Song and Children's Prayer (Unison & 2-part)	Engelbert Humperdinck	.15
1834 How beautiful are the feet ("Messiah") Harm. K.K.D.	Georg F. Händel	.15
1849 Noël of the Shepherds (Chantons Noël)	French Christmas Carol	.12
1850 God Who watchest o'er us (O Dieu de clémence)	French Christmas Carol	.15
1855 For Thee, Suomi (Excerpt from "Finlandia")	Jean Sibelius	.12
1885 How lovely are the messengers ("St. Paul")	Felix Mendelssohn	.15
1898 The Corn Song (Whittier)	Gustav Holst	.12
1906 Once, long ago (2-or 3-part) Arr. A.D.Z.	Bohemian Carol	.12
1918 Crucifixus etiam pro nobis (Arr. A.S.T.)	Hans Leo Hassler	.12
1929 Full fathom five	John Ireland	.15
1933 Happy flocks in safety wander (Fl. I & II) Arr. V. G.	Johann Sebastian Bach	.15
1936 Ave Maria	Ruggero Vené	.18
1937 Look Upward (Canon)	Carl Reinecke	.12

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# LAYS of the People



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## FOR WOMEN'S VOICES

490 The Cobbler's Jig	(3 part)	English Air	.18
491 Turn ye to me	(3 part)	Old Highland Tune	.16
833 The Day of the Fair	(3 part)	Old English Tune	.16
1004 Cock-a-doodle-doo	(2 part)	English Air	.16
1011 Good Christian men, rejoice (In dulci jubilo)	(3 part)	Ancient German Carol	.12
1024 A Babe, so tender	(3 part)	Old English Carol	.15
1025 Now all good folk, rejoice and sing!	(3 part)	Netherlands Xmas Song	.15
1026 Charm me asleep	(4 part)	Suabian Folk-Song	.12
1037 The Coventry Carol	(2 part)	Old English	.12
1052 Pat-a-pan (F. & E.)	(3 part)	Burgundian Air	.16
1057 The Beetle's Wedding (G. & E.)	(3 part)	German Folk-Song	.18
1058 'Tween the mount and vale (G. & E.)	(3 part)	German Folk-Song	.16
1059 Thy mouth, is a rosebud red (G. & E.)	(3 part)	German Folk-Song	.16
1060 The Old Woman and the Pedlar	(3 part)	English Folk-Song	.20
1065 O Little Star	(3 part)	Swedish Folk-Tune	.16
1066 Wassail Song	(3 part)	Gloucestershire Carol	.16
1091 Ye watchers and ye holy ones	(3 part)	17th Century Melody	.16
1097 Tiritomba	(3 part)	Italian Folk-Song	.15
1098 Come, lasses and lads	(3 part)	English, 17th Century	.18

## FOR MIXED VOICES

1159 A Babe, so tender	(4 part)	Old English Carol	.16
1160 Now, all good folk, rejoice and sing!	(4 part)	Netherlands Xmas Song	.15
1199 The Coventry Carol	(4 part)	Old English	.12
1616 Pat-a-pan (F. & E.)	(4 part)	Burgundian Air	.18
1632 The Cobbler's Jig	(4 part)	English Air	.18
1633 Turn ye to me	(4 part)	Old Highland Tune	.18
1635 Wassail Song	(4 part)	Gloucestershire Carol	.18
1652 Good Night (G. & E.)	(4 part)	German Folk-Song	.16
1660 Has sorrow thy young days shaded	(4 part)	Irish Folk-Song	.16
OPERETTAS			
616 Cinderella (Unison) A play with music for children based on traditional airs			.75

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Unison with descant unless otherwise indicated.

1087	{Good King Wenceslas The First Noel}	Traditional . . . . .	.16
1093	Wi' a hundred pipers (Arr. G. Shaw) Scottish Air . . . . .	.15	
1094	Arkansaw Traveler (Po. 4-h'd. a/c/p.t.) Arr. R.D. American Folk-song . . . . .	.18	
1547	All glory, laud, and honor (Arr. K.K.D.) S. A. Teschner-Bach . . . . .		
1572	Praise to the Lord, the Almighty (Harm. K.K.D.) S.A. German . . . . .		
1573	Praise we our God (Harm. K.K.D.) S. A. Melchior Vulpius . . . . .		
1574	Sing we Noel (Harm. K.K.D.) S. A. French Carol: 16th Century . . . . .		
1579	We gather together (Prayer of Thanksgiving) Harm. Kremsner (S.A.) . . . . .		
‡1590	We gather together (Prayer of Thanksgiving) Arr. K.K.D. (S.S.A.) Netherlands . . . . .	.15	
‡1735	We gather together (Prayer of Thanksgiving) Harm. K.K.D. (S.A.T.B.) Netherlands . . . . .	.15	
‡1737	We gather together (Prayer of Thanksgiving) Arr. K.K.D. (S.A.B.) Netherlands . . . . .	.15	
1763	Good Christian men, rejoice (S.A.T.B.) and Unison Old German . . . . .	.12	
1764	What Child is this? (S.A.T.B.) and Unison Old English . . . . .	.12	
1765	Long hast thou stood, O Church (Harm. K.K.D.) Ludwig M. Lindeman . . . . .	.15	
1770	Let all things now living (Harm. K.K.D.) S.A.T.B. (Traditional English Melody) . . . . .	.16	
1800	A-hunting we will go (Arr. G. Shaw) English . . . . .	.15	
1801	John Peel (Arr. G. Shaw) English . . . . .	.12	
1802	All through the night Welsh . . . . .	.15	
1803	The British Grenadiers Old English . . . . .	.15	
1804	The Ash Grove Welsh . . . . .	.15	
1805	The Golden Vanity (Arr. G. Shaw) English . . . . .	.18	
1806	There's nae luck about the house (Arr. G. Shaw) Scottish . . . . .	.18	
1807	Drink to me only with thine eyes (Arr. G. Shaw) English . . . . .	.15	
1808	The bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond (Arr. H. Chambers) Scottish . . . . .	.15	
1809	March of the Men of Harlech (Arr. H. Chambers) Welsh . . . . .	.15	
1810	Weel may the keel row (Arr. H. Chambers) English (Northumbrian) . . . . .	.15	
1819	Let all things now living (Harm. K.K.D.) Traditional Welsh melody . . . . .	.15	
1829	The Spacious Firmament (Arr. K.K.D.) Franz Josef Haydn . . . . .	.15	
1844	Sicilian Mariner's Hymn (Arr. K.K.D.) Traditional . . . . .	.12	
1847	Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon (Arr. A.D.Z.) James Miller . . . . .	.12	

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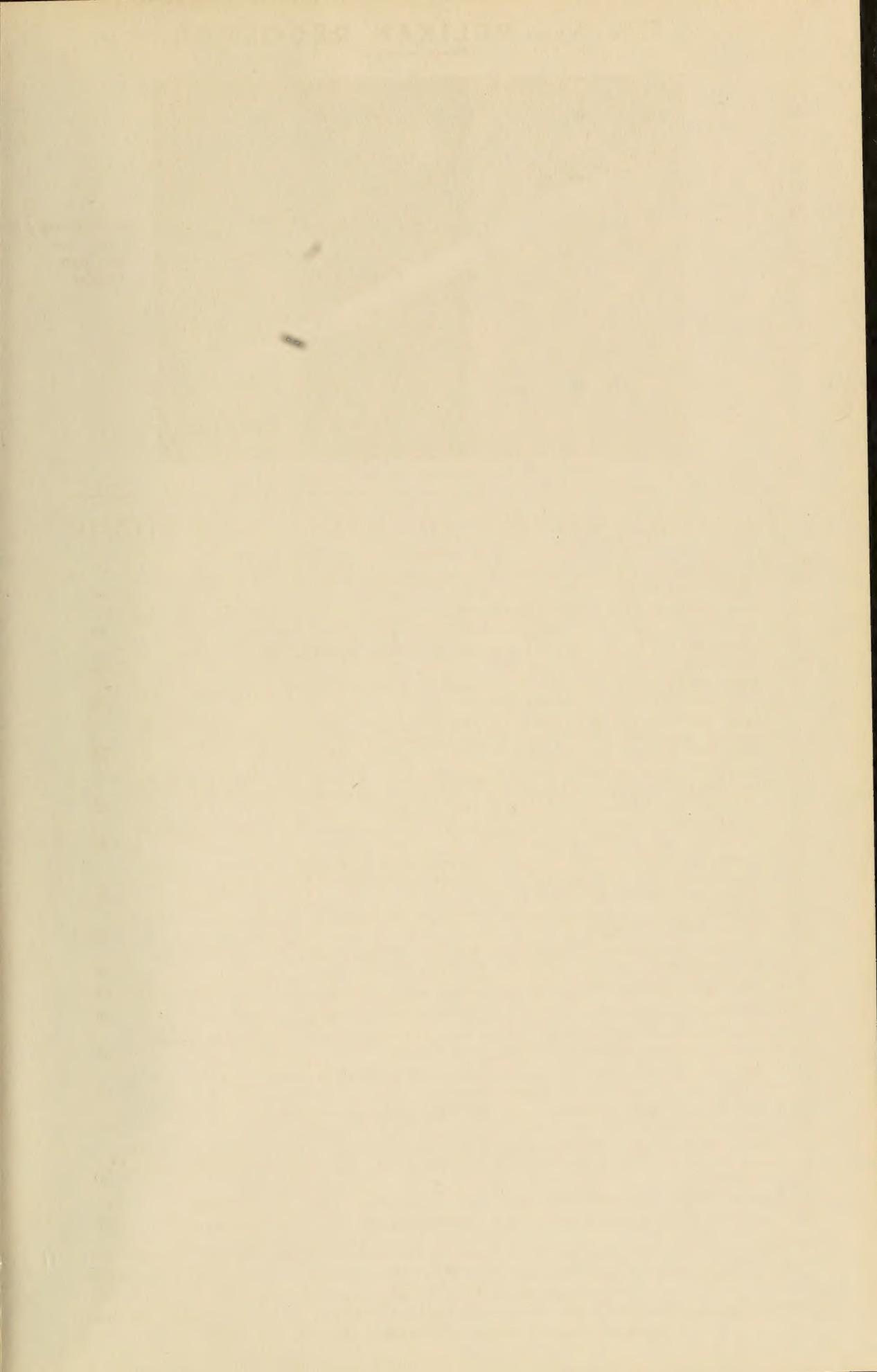
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